

Life



JULY 17, 1924

PRICE 15 CENTS



The Last Straw

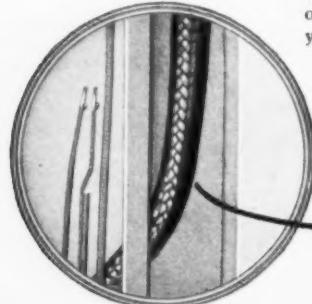
Cotton -in your telephone*

Cotton is one of nineteen materials needed to make a telephone. The fibre has qualities which play a large part in keeping the voice currents on the pathways provided for them.

It is valuable as an insulator. It is flexible. It stands usage. Such a combination of properties gives cotton its important place in the covering of telephone and switchboard cords.

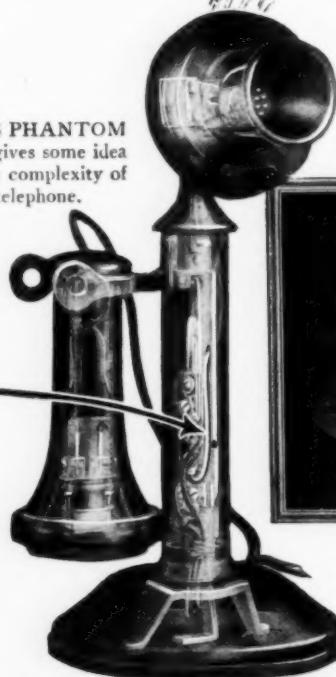
This cotton stands the hard test of day by day service because it was carefully selected for the job. Just one more evidence of the high standard which Western Electric sets for every stage of telephone manufacture.

*No. 8 of a series
on raw materials.

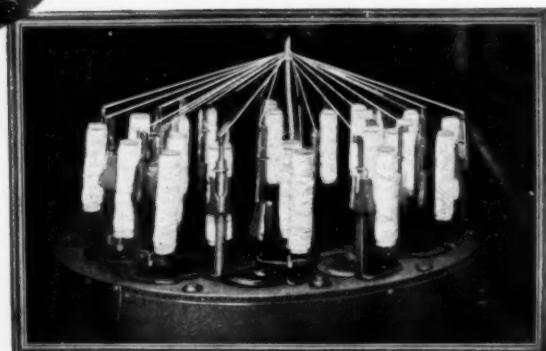


A CLOSE-UP OF THE COVERING.
The transmitter cord inside your telephone. Here the toughness of the cotton fibre counts—where it comes in constant contact with metal parts.

THIS PHANTOM
view gives some idea
of the complexity of
your telephone.



THE STRENGTH TEST. This machine takes representative samples of the cotton thread and tests their tensile strength. The standard required is such as to assure long and dependable service.



LIKE DANCING AROUND THE MAY-POLE. The spools of cotton whirl 'round and 'round, weaving the cord covering tightly and quickly—so quickly in fact that 11,000,000 cords was the record production for 1923.

Western Electric

S I N C E 1 8 6 9 M A K E R S O F E L E C T R I C A L E Q U I P M E N T



A BEN WADE, IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND, IS A SWEET OLD PIPE FROM THE FIRST DAY ON

Summertime Is When a Pipe Tastes Best

HAVE you ever watched the bass fry golden brown, the coffee bubble, the potatoes bake in the ashes . . . and afterwards thrown yourself down on a carpet of pine needles, soft and deep, and listened to the guide's yarn while the blue smoke of your pipe curled up to an equally blue heaven?

Have you ever found your drive so far ahead of the rest of the foursome that you had to wait for 'em, and while they shot you puffed proudly, yet nonchalantly, as though you did it every day?

Or pointed the nose of the best little car in the world roadwards . . . or lazed away an hour on the beach . . . or just sat with a book in the cool of your garden?

Those are the times when your pipe is your pal.

There's something about a pipe that goes with the outdoors . . . it's just part of the picture in summer.

And there's something about a Ben Wade pipe that leads thousands of men to it every day . . . something different.

This. From the first day on, it's an old pipe . . . sweet, mellow, broken-in.

The "breaking-in" is done for you at Ben Wade's factory in England. Notice the light colored finish inside the bowl. That's evidence of Ben Wade's special process that opens the pores of the briar

—and keeps them open. There's no varnish to hide flaws—because there are no flaws to hide. Nothing to "burn out;" nothing to taste except the full flavor of the tobacco you're smoking.

The old vacation's coming; buy your Ben Wade now. Then light up—and light out for any place where summer's pitched her camp.

Typical

SOMETHING of the quality of Ben Wade Pipes—and other articles sponsored by Hargraft—is indicated by the type of their distributors. The following is a partial list of retailers and wholesalers:

Baltimore—Wm. Boucher & Sons
Boston—Estabrook & Eaton, Charles B. Perkins Co.
Brookville, Pa.—Steck Tobacco Company
Buffalo—Joa. T. Snyder
Chicago—T. M. Wood & Sons
Cleveland—Louis Klein Cigar Company
Davenport—Hickey Brothers
Dayton—The M. J. Schwab Company
Denver—Jno. D. Ross Cigar Company
Des Moines—W. F. Gabino Company
Flint, Mich.—Harry W. Watson Company
Hartford, Conn.—H. S. Weeks
Indianapolis—Louis G. Deschler Company
Los Angeles—G. B. Hargraft
Milwaukee—Lewis Leidersdorf Co.
Minneapolis—Carl F. Thomas, Minneapolis Drug Co.
New York City—The Stearn Co., Charles & Company
Omaha—Getten & Wickham Cigar Company
Philadelphia—Coates Coleman Company
Pittsburgh—Reymer & Brothers, Incorporated
Portland, Ore.—Dedman Cigar Company
Rochester, N. Y.—Fred H. Lintz
St. Louis—Moss & Lowenhaupt Cigar Company
Salt Lake City—Lewis & Whitaker Cigar Company
Seattle—Spring Cigar Company, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.—M. H. Barnett
Wichita, Kas.—The Lewis B. Solomon Cigar Co.

Retailers

Aurora, Ill.—Ben Pederson
Barrington, Ill.—J. A. McLeister
Battle Creek, Mich.—Post Tavern Cigar Company
Buffalo, N. Y.—R. J. Seidenberg Company
Chicago and Suburbs—R. P. Adams, Anderson, Thorson & Co., The Argmore Shop, Chas. Bidwell (Uptown Station), Blackstone Hotel Cigar Dept., Albert Breitling Stores, Cass Brothers, Cicero Smoke Shop (Cicero), Churchill's, Dolan's Seigar Shop, Englewood Smoke Shop, Fred J. Harris, La Salle Hotel Cigar Dept., Lillianfield Bros. & Co., W. F. Monroe Cigar Co., C. A. Rosenstein, L. & I. Rubovits, A. M. Seckbach & Bro., Sherman Hotel Cigar Dept., Smyrnios Bros., C. P. Walker (Oak Park).
Cincinnati, O.—The Dow Drug Co. Stores
Cleveland, O.—Hugo Gellner
Covington, Ky.—L. B. Wilson Company
Detroit, Mich.—G. C. Damon Cigar Company, Lillianfield Bros. & Co.
Elgin, Ill.—Philip Schickler
Enid, Okla.—McKay Drug Company
Exeter, N. H.—Weeks & Seward
Fulton, N. Y.—Foster Brothers
Galesburg, Ill.—Arcade Drug Shop
Grand Rapids, Mich.—C. A. Mitts Cigar Company
Hanover, N. H.—Campion's College Smoke Shop
Jackson, Mich.—E. W. Chapin & Son
Kansas City, Mo.—Hunter Bros., Ricksecker Cigar Co.
Lancaster, Pa.—H. C. Demuth
Lincoln, Neb.—Ed. Young Cigar Company
Lorain, O.—E. J. Kingsley
Los Angeles and Hollywood, Cal.—A. Clubb & Sons
Louisville, Ky.—Humler & Nolan
Madison, Wis.—Fisher Bros.
Madisonville, Ky.—Lindsay's Drug Store
Minneapolis, Minn.—L. S. Donaldson Company
Muskegon, Mich.—L. H. Fink
New Haven, Conn.—John Gilbert & Son, University Smoke Shop
New York City—Pennsylvania Drug Company
Ogden, Utah—deWit Bros. Company
Palo Alto, Cal.—Morey's Smoke Shop
Philadelphia, Pa.—John Middleton, Yahn & McDonnell
Pueblo, Colo.—Edelestan Bros.
Quincy, Ill.—S. & S. Cigar Company
Rome, Ga.—Hale Drug Company
Saginaw, Mich.—Oppenheimer Cigar Company
San Francisco, Cal.—Robt. M. Reilly, Wolf Brothers
Saranac Lake, N. Y.—The Humidor
Sioux City, Ia.—Frances Pharmacy
Washington, D. C.—Raleigh Haberdasher, Inc.
York, Pa.—Young & Bussell Company



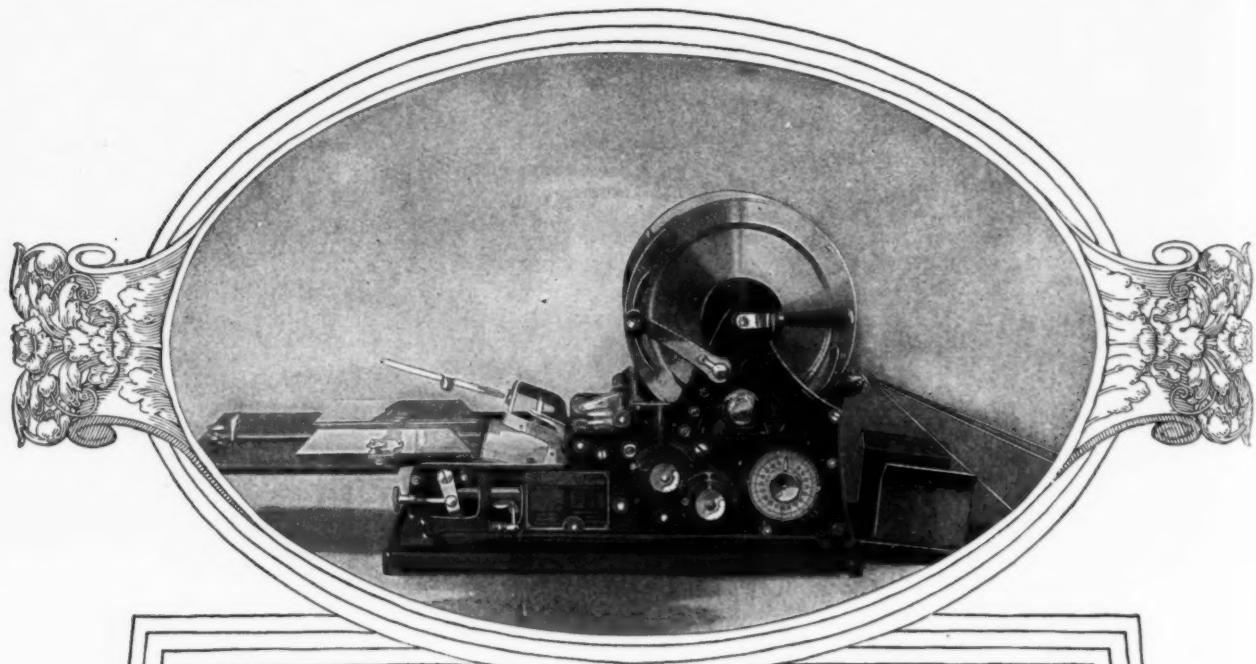
CHURCHILL DOWNS
The famous black and gold cigarette
—also a Hargraft product

HARGRAFT & SONS
Wrigley Bldg., North Section
Chicago, Ill.



HUDSON'S BAY
TOBACCO
Smokes well with Ben Wade Pipes
—also a Hargraft product

Canadian Depot
Chowne Bros., 916 Pender St.
Vancouver, B. C.



THE EDISON-DICK MIMEOGRAPH —for offices

It is not merely a duplicating machine; it completes a *process* and is one of the world's great conservers of time and money.

In a simple way it rapidly reproduces by the thousands, splendidly printed copies of originals which may be typewritten or drawn with a stylus, such as Form Letters, Bulletins, Diagrams or kindred matter—and at a low cost.

Will It Help You?

Sizes of Mimeographs to suit requirements—proportionate prices.

Information in detail sent and questions concerning the process promptly attended to upon request.

A. B. DICK COMPANY
Chicago, U. S. A.





Plan Number 403 for a World Court

THE idea seems to be that every one applying for an automobile license or trying to rent a bathing-suit must first submit a new plan for a World Court. Every candidate for office has brought forward some suggestion as to how the nations can form a league without calling it a league of nations. Here is one which isn't exactly a league, neither is it exactly a court, nor, on the third hand, is it exactly a bowling team.

* * *

Our scheme for a World Court would involve first the renting of a nice sunny dairy somewhere on the coast of Brittany, preferably Capri. This would insure plenty of fresh butter and eggs, in case fresh butter and eggs were needed. Even if they weren't needed, it wouldn't do one bit of harm to have them there.

* * *

Next, each nation over twenty-one years of age should elect a delegate or *Delegate* to serve during good behavior. "Good behavior" is taken to mean sitting up straight at table and keeping fingers out of mouth. These delegates should each wear a green blazer, white duck trousers, a red tam, and a tag in the buttonhole reading, "Fogarty. Class of '06."

* * *

On the first Tuesday following the first Tuesday after their election the delegates should assemble at some place convenient for the President and hold an election of temporary officers: Temporary Chairman, Temporary Filling, and Temporary Temporary. They may, if they feel like it, sing "It's a Long Way to Temporary," but they probably won't feel like it. I wouldn't.

Having assembled, the first thing will be to elect officers and appoint sub-committees. In order to do this, it will be necessary to adjourn, after appointing a Nomination Committee.

* * *

After a lot of fooling around like this for several years, the Court will sit, and maybe it won't be glad to, after standing on its feet all day. A lot of people seem to think that it is an easy job being a delegate to a World Court,

but they have got another guess, that's all. The average life of a World Court judge is seventeen years, barring poisoning. And a clean collar every day, too.

* * *

As the moot points begin to show signs of mooting, the Court stops its cabbage game right where it is and tends to business. One by one the cases are brought in, and one by one the judges fall asleep. When the cases are all in, some one cries: "Reliev-o! All around my goal are it!" and unless they can tag the one who cried it, the whole side is retired.

This brings it up to Thursday, and Home Again for the Holidays!

Robert C. Benchley.

The Cynic's Week

"A Bromide a Day Keeps Digestion Away"

SUNDAY—Love: A state of feeling which people think makes the world go round when it is only their own heads that are spinning.

Monday—Marriage: Going to bed, eating meals and getting up at certain definite times because the "other party to the contract" is doing it.

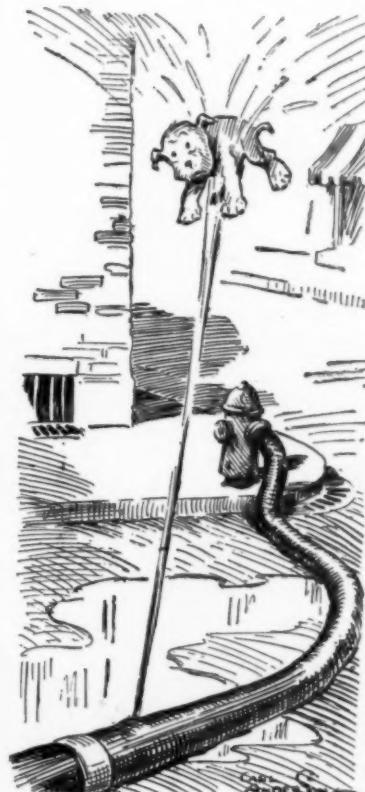
Tuesday—Progress: Finding a new name for an old nuisance.

Wednesday—Civilization: Putting a roof-garden on life without changing the foundations.

Thursday—Government: Making laws you don't believe in, for people who don't want them.

Friday—Business: Increasing people's wants and charging them for it.

Saturday—Cynicism: An easy way to avoid hard thinking. B. B.



The Pup: WELL, I WOUNDED HIM, ANYHOW!

HARRIETT: I'll marry a rich man or none.

SUE: I'll marry a rich man or two.

• LIFE •



GETTING A WORD IN EDGEWISE

J. Jasper Blug

J. JASPER BLUG was a business man who prided himself on his cleverness. His wife wanted to go to Europe, so her doctor found J. Jasper rheumatic and recommended an ocean voyage. When they came back, J. Jasper found that business had fallen off.

"Ah," said J. Jasper. "That shows how clever I really am. As soon as I leave, business starts going back."

His rheumatism bothered his wife again, and again he went to Europe. When he returned this time, he found to his surprise that business had increased during the two months of his absence.

"Ah," said J. Jasper. "That shows how clever I really am. I've got things so well organized that the business will run on its own momentum."

Moral: You can fool yourself all of the time, and even oftener than that.

The Complete Yokel

CALLS all waiters and porters "George";

Has eleven striped silk shirts, with collars to match;

Is a loyal and dutiful Elk;

Orders turkey and cranberry sauce when dining out;

Is taking a correspondence course in etiquette,

And lives in New York City.

F. A. K.

In Appreciation of Myself

SELF-PIETY is a glorious thing;
It takes away the bitter sting
Of all the barnacles that cling
About life's rocky shelf,
And when misfortune crowns my head
By nothing am I comforted
As by the tears profusely shed
Both by and for myself.

Some men this lovely trait despise
And yet will comfort, when he cries,
Another, though wherein more wise
They are I can not see.
No outside pity I demand,
For who can better understand
The solace of a soothing hand
For my own woes, than me?

Therefore unjust I estimate
The minds of those who underrate
The blessings of this mental state,
To me so sweetly clear,
And when rude Fate deals me a slap,
Deserved though it may be, mayhap,
I take my Ego in my lap
And kiss it on the ear.

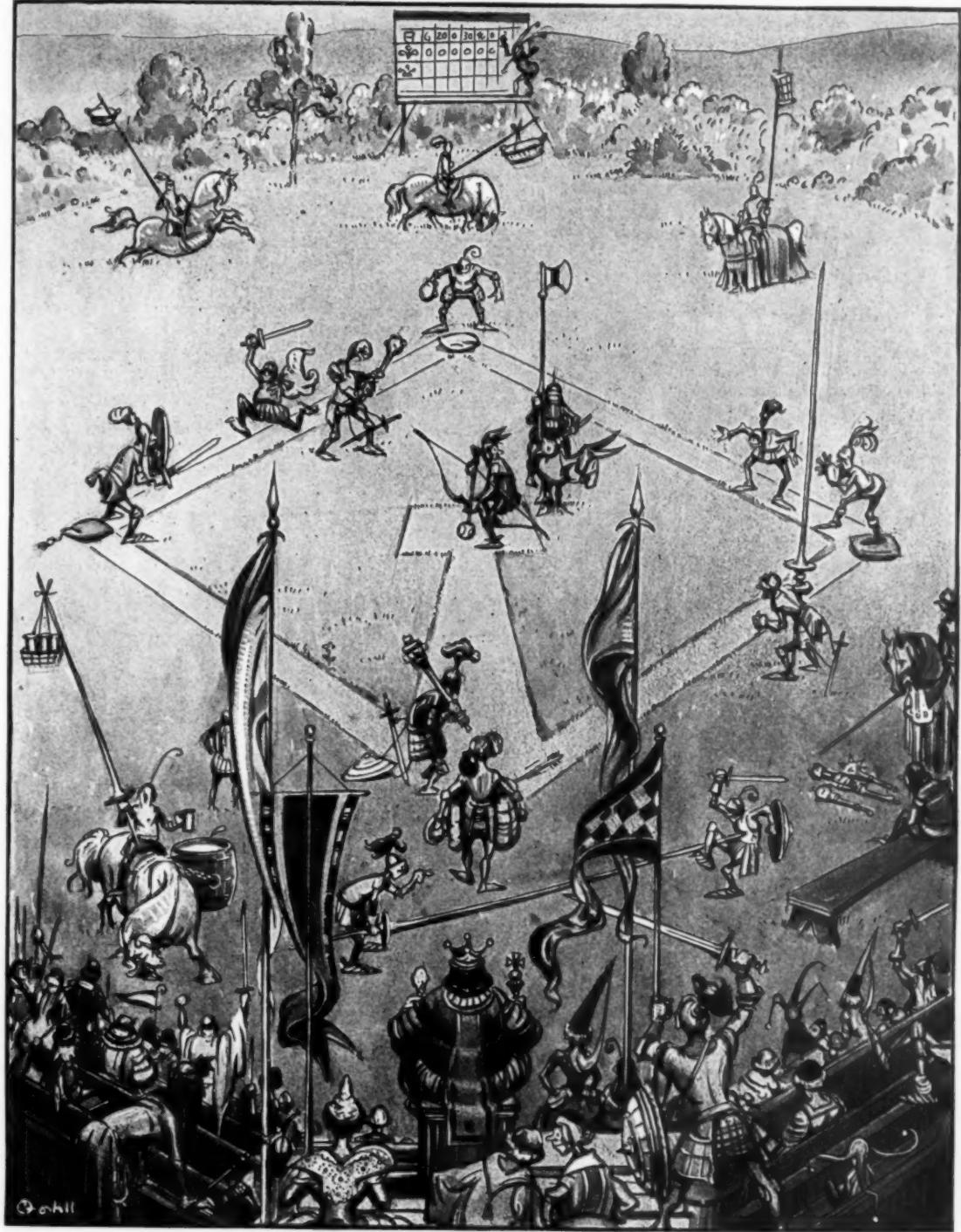
George S. Chappell.

Point of Brew

MR. HOMEBREW (*to his better-half*): Darling, don't forget to tell the gardener to dig all the grass roots most carefully out of our front lawn. The darned stuff is ruining our dandelion crop.



Mrs. Warbucks (*at the play*): FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, GREGORY, DON'T APPLAUD SO LOUDLY. PEOPLE WILL THINK YOU WERE ONCE AN USHER.



IN YE GOODE OLDE DAYES

IF THEY HADDE HADDE YE BABE RUTH

· LIFE ·



Sarcastic Burglar: WELL, AN' WOT ARE Y' GONNA DO NOW THAT Y'RE HERE?

Discreet Householder: WHY...ER...I MIGHT HELP YOU PACK.

Fable

ONCE there was a rich girl who became engaged to a poor chauffeur. "What a ghastly mistake!" said everybody.

Then it was discovered that the chauffeur's great-uncle was a cousin of the Duke of Fiddlesticks.

"What a sweet romance!" said everybody.



"ASKIN' FOR THINGS? ASKIN' FOR THINGS. WHAT DO YA THINK I'M MADE OF? ELECTRICITY?"

Domestic Felicity

SCENE: Any apartment. TIME: Any dinner. CHARACTERS: Any husband and any wife.

HE: Got a lot done on the novel to-day.

SHE (nodding): Er-hm. The baby was very good to-day.

HE (nodding): Um-hum. I decided to write a chapter showing Elsie at the Duchess of Barton's house-party.

SHE (nodding): Er-hm. I fed him at eight and didn't hear a sound from him until noon.

HE (nodding): Um-hum. This will give me a chance to show how fascinated Elsie is by Wilfred's epigrams. Don't you think that's good?

SHE (nodding): Er-hm. He woke up about noon, but lay there just as quiet. He must have been awake half an hour before I paid any attention to him.

HE (nodding): Um-hum. I thought of a good epigram for Wilfred to startle her with.

SHE (nodding): Er-hm. When I picked him up he laughed and tried to catch my hair. Wasn't that darling?

HE (nodding): Um-hum. The epigram is: The man who says he has found perfect love merely proclaims himself an imperfect lover. How do you like that?

SHE (nodding): Er-hm. I wouldn't be surprised if he began getting his teeth soon now.

(Then coffee is served, and as husband and wife stir their cups they think how fortunate it is to be married to some one who is really interested in you.)

B. B.

Louder and Funnier

I SHOT a joke into the air,
It fell to earth I know not where;
But when I'd sown my meagre chaff,
I listened close, nor heard a laugh,
And felt that pang which all must
know
Who've jested through the radio.

FAATHER: You'll never succeed if
you don't apply yourself.

SON: To whom?

IT takes nine tailors to make a man,
and one dressmaker to break him.

Famous Endings

"PUT out the cat and come to bed."
"—And they lived happily ever after."
"—And so they were married."
"—I'll be a sister to you."
"—Nine, ten and out."
Wood alcohol.

Efficiency Minus

"WHAT'S worrying you, dear?"
"I've just figured out a way of getting down to the office ten minutes earlier, but I won't know what to do when I get there."

CERTAIN of his Republican supporters seem to regard Mr. Coolidge as their best Cal and severest critic.



THE SKEPTICS' SOCIETY

THEY TEST THE THEORY THAT "A BARKING DOG NEVER BITES."

Recipe for Starting a Golf Club

GATHER together:
Three millionaires who have never broken one hundred but who are foolish enough to part with \$30,000 a year for the privilege of trying to do so;

Three par players who are willing to pay as high as \$0.00 a year for the privilege of making and breaking new course records;

Three hundred average players eager to contribute \$1,000 to \$3,000 for the privilege of playing on a course that will never (?) be crowded;

One professional who once won the Open Championship (but never will again) and who will accept \$10,000 a year in return for lending his name (but not his services) to your project.



HOT DOGS

Now call in a flock of realtors and ask them to trot out two brooks and a duck pond, plenty of long grass and marshland, two fair-sized hills and one mountain, with rocks, boulders and underbrush to suit. From this assortment select the highest-priced piece of property that is at least a two-dollar taxi ride from the nearest railroad station.

When the clubhouse is built, engage a high-grade bootlegger as steward, with two boys in the locker room as assistant bootleggers.

Open up on Yom Kippur with an exhibition match. Allow the president of the club (one of the three millionaires) to make a few remarks at the banquet that night.

Then install a few bridge tables and a Mah Jong set—and you have done your bit for the promotion of athletic sport.

Torrey Ford.

These Americans*The Pennsylvanian*

HE can demonstrate that in Pittsburgh black is really white. He believes that the story of the Philadelphian who shot the letter carrier for a Confederate soldier is only a joke. He thinks that the idea of an hour in Chestnut Hill containing one hundred and twenty minutes is a delusion.

He can explain the political position of Gifford Pinchot while he longs for the good old days of Boies Penrose. He is never surprised at any turn in the relations of Billy Magee and young George Oliver. He can account for Vance McCormick, A. Mitchell Palmer and Hampy Moore.

He believes the Pittsburgh Pirates will win the pennant. He can pronounce Wilkes-Barre and Mauch Chunk.

McC. H.

• LIFE •



Life Lines

SPEECH is Bryan, and silence is Coolidge.

JL

A San Francisco physician says babies are learning to talk earlier than they used to. And in California we have a sketchy idea of what they are learning to say.

JL

An American engineer who has returned from the interior of Brazil in order to find some one to talk to him probably will be ready to leave again by Election Day.

JL

It is reassuring to know that our presidential timber was picked out by experienced log-rollers and sawers of wood.

JL

Escalators for fish have been built at dams in the Columbia River. Which is far better service than the average bucket shop offers.

JL

Only two and one-half per cent. of our farmers have electric-light service. More power to them.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

July 10th

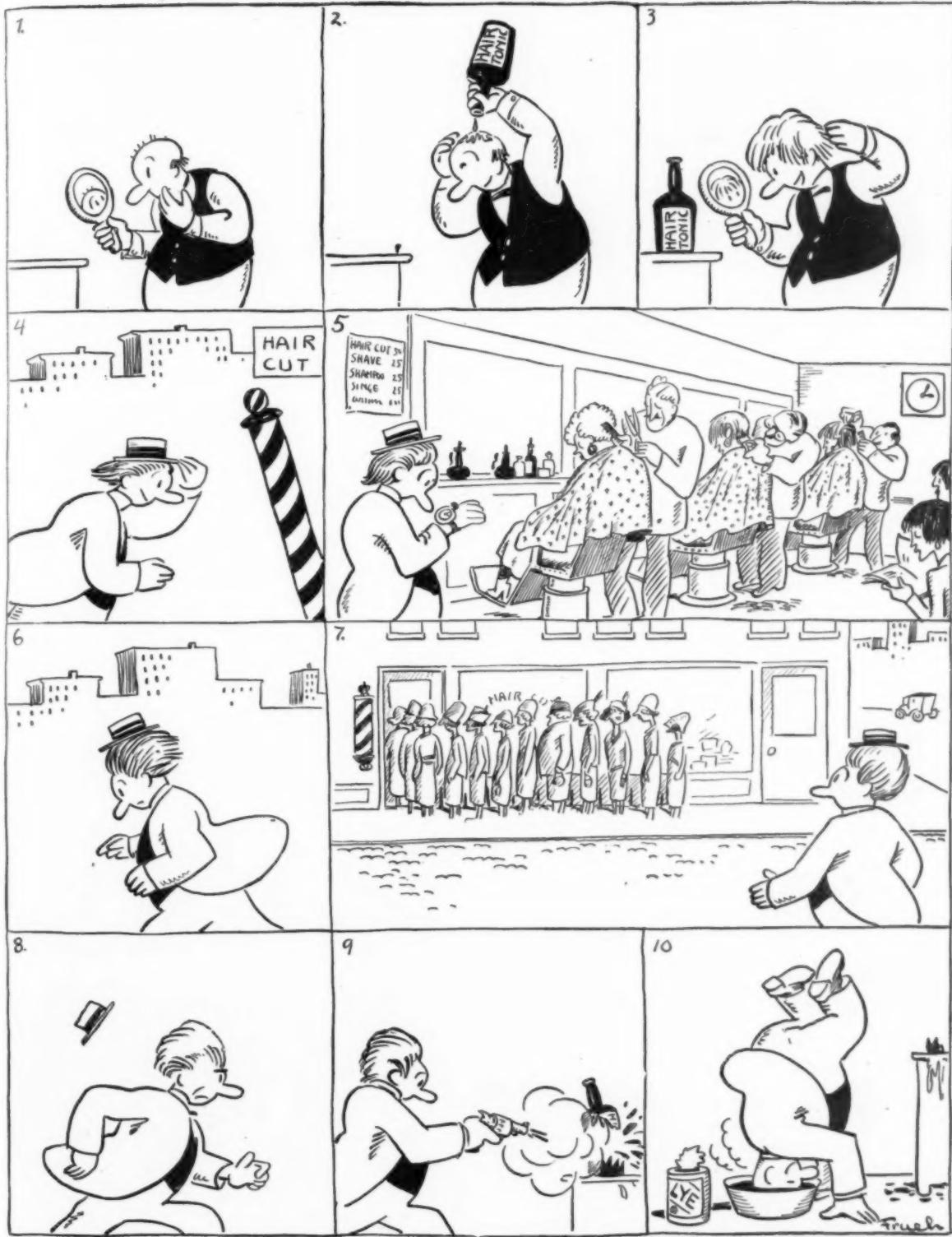
A letter from Lida Martin on the first post did give me the name and address of an astrologer in Kingston, so I to my desk at once to send off the exact hour of my birth, which was four o'clock in the afternoon,—just in time, as Sam says, for a cocktail,—utterly ignoring the stack of unanswered letters which reproached me silently for such nonsense. I dare-say naught will come of it save an injunction to guard against maladies of the throat in the autumn of 1926, but my weakness for soothsayers prevents my passing one by.... The sempstress is to-day, and I did stand for hours having my white petticoats adjusted to this year's skirt line, and I do think that women should band together against the couturiers' changing it every season. Ada did tell me of Mrs. Camp's wanting her for some "little summer dresses," and we grew very merry over the qualifying adjective, Mrs. C. weighing well

over two hundred. A nitwit, too, if ever I knew one. I do well recall her statement that the most impressive

(Continued on page 27)



"THIS TASTES PRETTY GOOD, BUT I THINK I'LL HAVE IT ANALYZED."
"FOR GOD'S SAKE, DON'T DO THAT—IT MAY BE POISON!"



LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE



Manager: A FINE-LOOKIN' HASH HE'S MAKIN' OF YER FACE! HOW D'YER SUPPOSE YE'RE EVER GOIN' TO LAND A JOB IN THE MOVIES WHEN YER GET TO BE CHAMPION?

CHESTER G. GARDNER

Sufficient Unto the Evil

"I'VE noticed all those comic pieces you fellows are writing nowadays always end up with somebody getting killed," began Pest, as he walked into my study and interrupted my writing of "comic pieces." "It's the crime wave."

"Nonsense," said I, patiently; "it's not a wave, Pest, it's a twist. And its effectiveness lies in its being a simple exaggeration; a sort of wish fulfillment. It actually represents what the majority of suffering humanity would like to do to the sort of busybody who runs rampant in the humorous sketches to which you refer. The type of man who incessantly goes about, criticizing—"

"I criticize," broke in Pest, belligerently.

"You do," I said.

"When I see a man doing something I know's dumb, I feel it my duty to tell him so."

"You do," I said.

"And that's why I'm telling you these comic pieces you write are deplorable. I insist on your finding some other way of settling your problems besides throwing a man out the window. I insist as a moral-minded—"

"Oh, Pest!"

"—right-thinking—"

"Pest! Pest!"

"—hundred per cent.—"

"But when such a solution suffices, Pest, why bother?" And I threw him out the window.

Gardner Rea.

The Thief of Time

"I HEAR Al Knight was fired for always being late to work."

"Yes, he told me he just simply couldn't get down to business."

Longing

(Written After a Visit to an Exhibition of Modernist Paintings)

I WANT to go to a scalloped isle
With three palms placed just so:
One is tense as the finger of fate,
The second writhes like muffled hate,
While a breeze bends the third one low.

My love shall ride an ocelot
Adown flamingo strands.
Chrome yellow is my lady fair,
And emerald green her fluid hair
That's bound with purple bands;

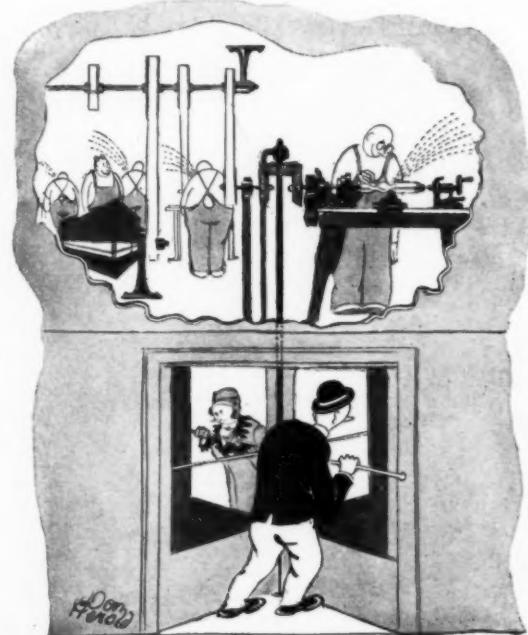
One leg is fully five feet long,
The other only three;
One jointless hand points to her chin—
The whole of her should be limned in
With technique broad and free.

I'll stand on my head in a saffron surf
With my feet on a dappled sky.
And though it may seem arduous
We'll hold the composition thus
Till one or both do die.

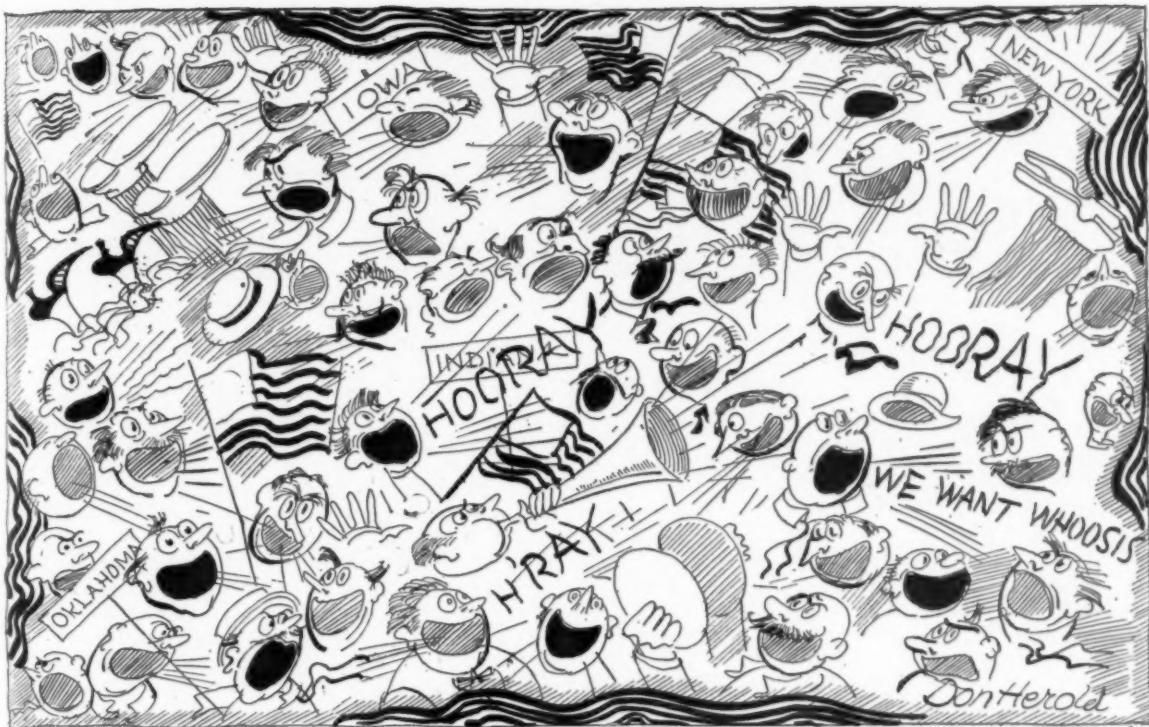
Herbert J. Mangham.

Back to Normalcy

JUST when it seemed that something was missing this summer, our newspapers relieved the situation by publishing a story about a New Jersey fisherman who caught a bass which proved to contain a quart bottle of Scotch.



UTILIZING OUR NATURAL RESOURCES



HOW WE CHOOSE OUR PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES

Business Men's Mass Meeting

GENTLEMEN, this meeting is called to protest against a dangerous tendency in American literature—to take action toward checking an insidious form of Propaganda that threatens to undermine the very foundations of this country through bringing the Business Man down to the level—yes, and even below the level—of college professors and poets.

A few years ago the worst thing they said about the Business Man was that he was tired. That was a benefit to us, for it reflected no discredit and covered a multitude of sins. Now they say the Business Man makes every one else tired. Confusing liberty with license, they proceed to prove it. They follow us to our annual banquets, to our conferences of department heads, to our Rotary luncheons, and they take our speeches and our advertising copy and make plays and novels out of them. I have no hesitation, gentlemen, in denouncing this outrageous conduct as Conspiracy in Contempt of Trade....

If the Injunction is our only weapon, then I say, use the Injunction!...

The first step is to rehabilitate the

Business Man in the eyes of the public. Some of you, I know, are in favor of a Constitutional Amendment, but let us not proceed with rash haste. What we should do first is find a Big Man to stand before the public for us and what we represent. A Big Man—like Judge Landis or—I forget the names, but you

know whom I mean. We should, of course, pay such a man \$100,000 a year, but it would be understood that his principal motive in accepting the task was Civic Duty....

Let us not rest until once more the Business Man is at least respected, however tired he may be. Let us make the highways and byways of this great land safe for Lodge Emblems. Let us look forward to the day when every newspaper editor will periodically state that what this country needs is a Business Men's Administration!...

Stoddard King.

Warning



"SO YOU BAGGED THIS SPECIMEN IN THE YUKON, OLD BOY? I SUPPOSE THIS MADE-IN-NEWARK PLATE IS JUST A PRANK, EH?"

"YOU can't keep an Englishman from liking his beer," declared a British statesman, speaking against a prohibition bill in the House of Commons. American experience indicates that the Honourable Member will have to think up a better argument than that.

MOTHER: What's the trouble, darling?

BETTY: Those ch-children want to play cannibal, and I'm the f-f-fattest one in the whole crowd!



"For a long time Skippy pondered over the idea of prowling around the sky carrying a satchelful of stars."

Skippy Joins the Kiddie Klub

By Percy L. Crosby



A N N O U N C E R :
"Cousin Gussie will now talk to her little Kiddie Klubbers."

C O U S I N G U S S I E :
"Good evening, little Kiddie Klubbers. This evening Cousin Gussie promised to read some of the many, many letters she has received from Kiddie Klubbers, and of course Cousin Gussie never goes back on a promise."

"You will remember that Cousin Gussie asked her little pets to write to her about the little woodland folk. The first letter is from Charles, who writes: 'Dear Cousin Gussie: Them woodland folks I likes best is elephants and hermits (*are* elephants and hermits, Charles) but if I had a million dollars I would buy a Battleship with my name in gold letters.'

"I am afraid Charles has missed the idea of our little Kiddie Klub completely. Perhaps Charles was not listening to what Cousin Gussie said about firearms on Wednesday last.

"Cousin Gussie sent out a number of Kiddie Klub buttons in return for ten cents in stamps, but Joseph has been entirely misled. This is what Joseph writes: 'Cousin Gussie: (No 'dear' or anything, just 'Cousin Gussie')! You said when I had my button pinned on I could act as a guide to all dumb animals. You are wrong, cousin, because when I tried to direct traffic up on the avenue, a great big cop give me a kick in the slats—.' Now what Cousin Gussie meant by 'guide' was not to direct traffic but kindness to the little animals in the woodland. Cousin Gussie will

have to ask Joseph for the return of his button.

"Next I have a letter from Maurice, who was greatly impressed with Cousin Gussie's warning about the use of alcohol and tobacco; however, I feel that he overstepped our Kiddie Klub Alma Mater when he gave a box of his father's cigars to the iceman.



"He pictured himself floating through space garbed in his official attire."

"The time is short, but I just know my little bunnies will love to hear what our little co-worker, Skippy, writes. He says: 'Dear Cousin Gussie: I am very smart. I am only nine years old. The principal asked the class what the largest state was and nobody knew but me and I said Russia and he whispered to the teacher, "Very, very good! Bright boy! Oh, smart! Smart!" I have a lot of Sunday School tickets too, Cousin Gussie.'

"Skippy enclosed eight cents in stamps for one of our little buttons, thinking, perhaps, that the stamp on the envelope was counted in, so if he will forward a two-cent stamp, Cousin Gussie will mail a button. When Skippy goes to Heaven, Cousin Gussie is going to tell the angels to let him hang out all the stars for being such a good boy. Good night, my little pansies."

For a long time, Skippy pondered over the idea of prowling around the sky, carrying a satchelful of stars, but it left him cold as he thought that he would be without a gallery. He then pictured himself floating through space with pretty Marie at his side, but the image of himself garbed in his official attire sent the blood burning to his cheeks. He wondered about the possibility of dropping his wares on houses and burning whole towns. Concluding that somebody else would surely get the credit for it left him so sick at heart that he sent off the following note:

Dear cusin gusy

no you dont go tellin the angels
ill go hanging out there stars be-
cause wot have we got angels fore
an beesides I woodent no mi way
around. i dont mind rollin the moon
out wuns in awhile tho if that aint
taken a n

can i play
a d r u m
insted o f
a harp.
skippy

p. s. Joseph
seems like a'
regula gie does
he get his ten
cents back.



The Moth, the Merrier

A Midsummer's Day Tragedy

THE DUTIFUL DAUGHTER:
See, Mother, a moth!

THE CONSCIENTIOUS HOUSEWIFE:
My Goodness! (She starts in pursuit.)

THE DAUGHTER: And another! And another! (She starts in pursuit.)

THE MOTHER: This is terrible! We must put everything away at once. (She hurries out.)

THE DAUGHTER (going to the telephone): Is this the store? Send up all the moth preventives you have. (The mother comes in again with a huge pile of blankets and curtains.)

THE MOTHER: We shall start with these. (The daughter hurries out and comes back with a huge pile of blankets and woolen clothing.)

THE DAUGHTER: And we mustn't forget these. (A bell is heard.)

THE MOTHER: The materials have arrived. The store is prompt. (She goes out and returns with a bulky bundle.)

THE DAUGHTER (unfastening the bundle): Here is camphor and cedar oil; citronella, tar and pine-odor; aspirin, valerian and tobacco fumes.

THE MOTHER: Good! We shall use them all. (She opens the camphor.)

THE DAUGHTER: Phew!

THE MOTHER: Phew! (She shakes it on the pile of rugs.)



"I DON'T SEE WHAT'S GOING TO BECOME OF MARY. SHE DOESN'T LIKE TO WORK AND SHE'S NOT DOMESTIC, EITHER."

THE DAUGHTER (opening the cedar oil): Ah!

THE MOTHER: Ah! (She sprays it over the curtains. Then she opens the citronella and the tar.)

THE DAUGHTER: Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!

THE MOTHER: Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! But it is very good for the moth.

THE DAUGHTER (opening the val-

rian and the tobacco fumes): Oh, Merciful Heavens!

THE MOTHER: Oh, Heavens! (She opens the aspirin and swallows three tablets without water. She opens the pine-odor.) This pine-odor is nice.

THE DAUGHTER: Is it? I hadn't noticed. (She speaks in a thick voice. The room grows heavy with camphor, cedar oil, citronella, tar, pine-odor, aspirin, valerian and tobacco fumes.)

THE MOTHER (gasping): The air is...very close.... But at least...we have prevented the...moths from eating up...our things... (She staggers a few steps and falls unconscious.)

THE DAUGHTER: Poor Mother! I must open a window. (She gropes her way to the window and opens it. The draft swirls a gust of heavy, visible fog about her head.) Ah-h-h-h! How heavy...the air is.... But we have...prevented the moths from...destroying.... (She falls unconscious. Through the open window a large troop of moths fly gracefully in and settle upon the pile of rugs, blankets, portières and woolen clothing.)

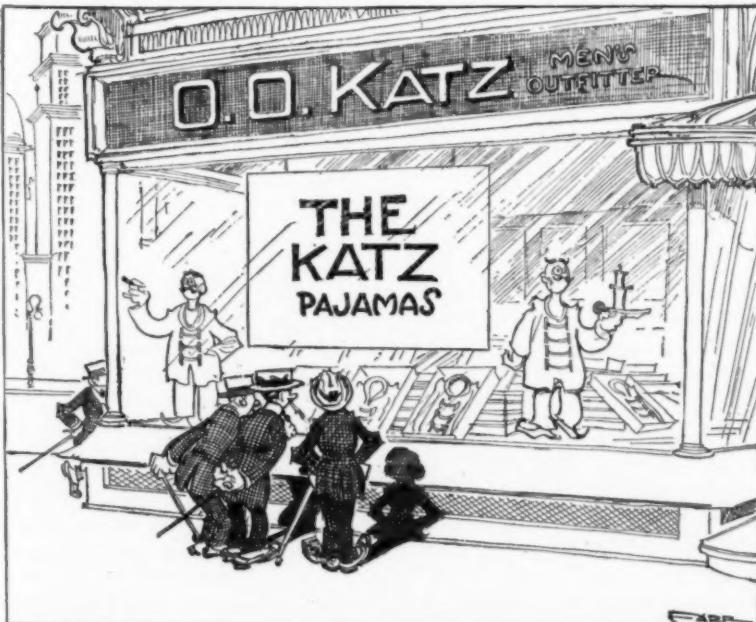
THE MOTH-PROOF CURTAIN FALLS.

Henry William Hanemann.

Business Is Business

DO they take in summer boarders?"

"Awfully."



AN ENTERPRISING MERCHANT TAKES ADVANTAGE OF A POPULAR PHRASE



JULY 17, 1924

VOL. 84. 2176

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Published by

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, President
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THE Democratic Convention was a great show. The performers were sincerely interested in their job. There was no cut-and-dried program. There was lots of wrangling. There were fierce differences of opinion thoroughly fought out. The great mill was in the platform committee. At this writing all the committeemen have survived, but they had a terrific time of it and were subjected to great strains. There were lively times in the convention itself, the sittings of which were protracted by the difficulties the platform committee had in reaching conclusions about the Ku Klux Klan and the League of Nations. There were innumerable speeches, including three or four very lively ones and many that were excellent. Mr. Franklin Roosevelt made a fine speech in putting up Governor Smith; Mr. Baker made brilliant performances both in the committee and in the convention, and the Great Fundamentalist came to the front with all his guns in a plea for harmony when the fight was on in the convention as to whether the Ku Klux Klan should be named in the platform.

Nothing was put into the platform nor anything left out of it that should seriously hinder the Democrats from winning, and there is much that should help them. The immense turmoil about the Klan established the fact that that organization is unpopular in the Democratic Party. The vast discussion about the League of Nations disclosed that the Democrats do not believe the League is dead, and do believe that somehow or other we shall establish relations with it, and want to see such relations established. The plank that

Mr. Baker fought for was, in itself, a good plank, the objection to it being that it seemed to the objectors to tie the League of Nations up to the Democratic Party, to the detriment of the League, which should have the backing of all the pro-League Republicans as well as of the Democrats. Most of the men who opposed Mr. Baker's plank wanted what he wanted, but wished to get it by other means than he would employ. Finally, the convention voted two to one against Mr. Baker's plank and for another that called for a referendum which probably will never be taken. What will get us into relations with the League, or actually into the League, is political and economic facts as they transpire. Planks in a party platform will not accomplish it. Indeed, they may well delay it. We should probably be in the League now if partisan politics had not sidetracked us, and for the future as for the past it will not help us much to get in, but may do formidable service in keeping us out.

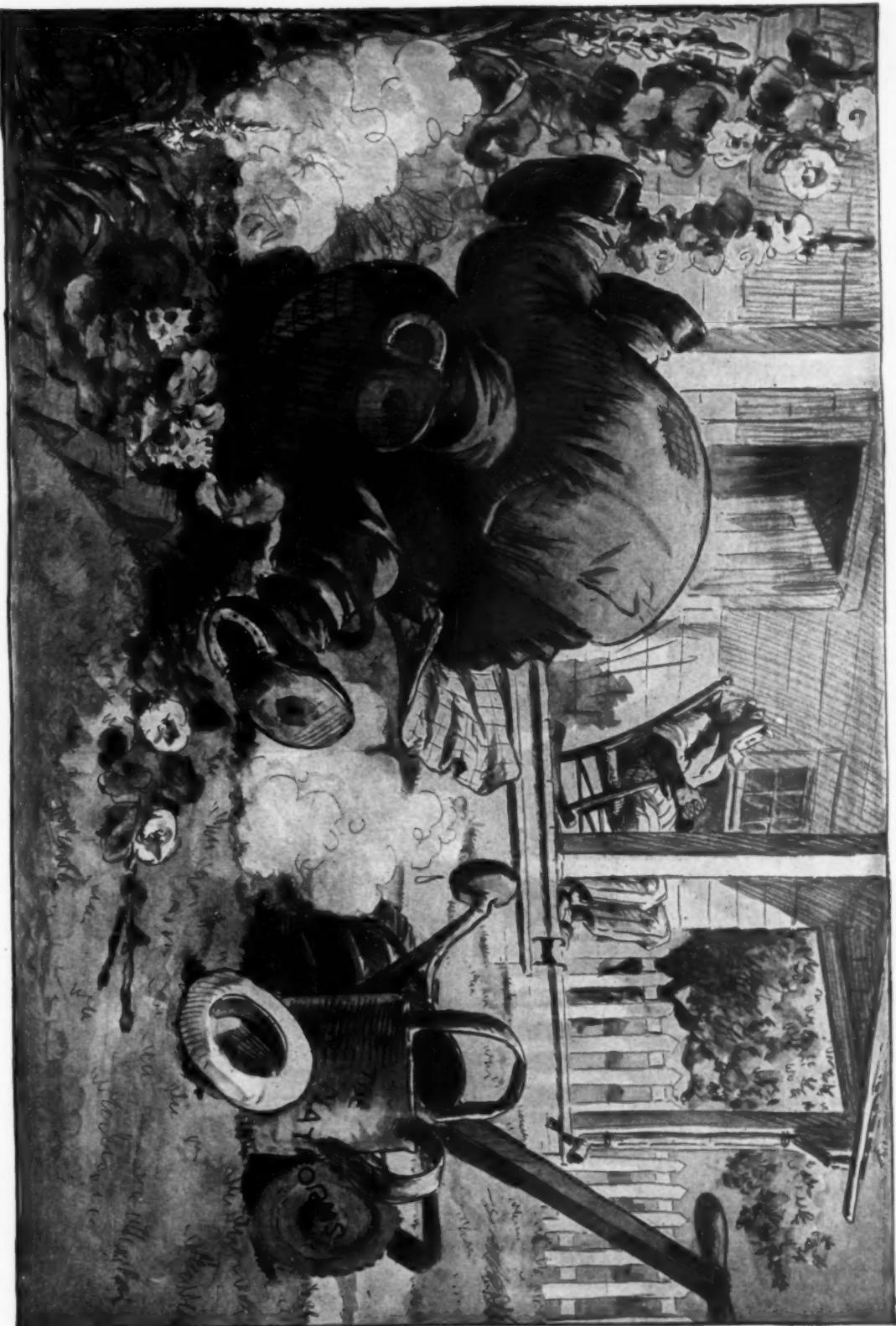
Mr. Bryan wants the League and wants us to be in it, but he would not go all the way with Mr. Baker. Mr. Owen Young is very friendly to the League and extremely anxious that we should be of service to Europe, but neither would he back Mr. Baker. When the convention also declined to back him it was probably right, and did a service and not the contrary to the cause of international peace.



THE trying out of candidates went on for the whole six days before the balloting began. We got acquainted with them all. The big wrangles over

the Klan and the League were thought to be good for some of them and bad for others. But at this writing on the ninth day of the convention the leading candidates have still survived and the trying-out process continues. We have faith to believe that the convention will settle upon a candidate before this issue of *LIFE* reaches its readers. Very likely, indeed, it will finish its work before Independence Day, but there is no telling. The city happily is pretty comfortable. The weather is cool, and in this great center of finance there should be sufficient accessible money to furnish the delegates with bed and board as long as they need to stay here, for really they are very earnest people. The most impressive thing about the Democratic Convention has been its eagerness to be right. It has seemed much more addicted to spiritual aspirations than the recent meeting of the other party at Cleveland. Never a convention had more pious speeches. Never such a lot of pious speeches gave deeper evidence of sincerity. The delegates seem to feel uncommonly that human life is at the crossroads and that they have an important share in the duty of giving it the right turn. They will nominate a candidate presently, but meanwhile they have considerably vindicated the usefulness of political conventions. The Madison Square Convention has really been a great disclosure of the state of the public mind. A lot of things have been talked out, including a good many voices. The Klan is not what it was when the convention began. Mr. Coolidge's declaration that we will never join the League has been made more doubtful than ever. Democratic men and women have got acquainted one with the other, and let us hope that they have all got more or less acquainted with New York, and that those of them who needed to shed animosity to this town have parted with some of it. It is a hospitable city. It discloses some very interesting symptoms of contemporary life. Let us hope that it will seem to such delegates as needed to know it better a little less like a great ogre reaching out to devour the substance of the country, and more like what it really is, a great center of population that grows because people insist on staying in it, and that struggles faithfully to school and train the great family of newcomers and their children that it always has on its hands.

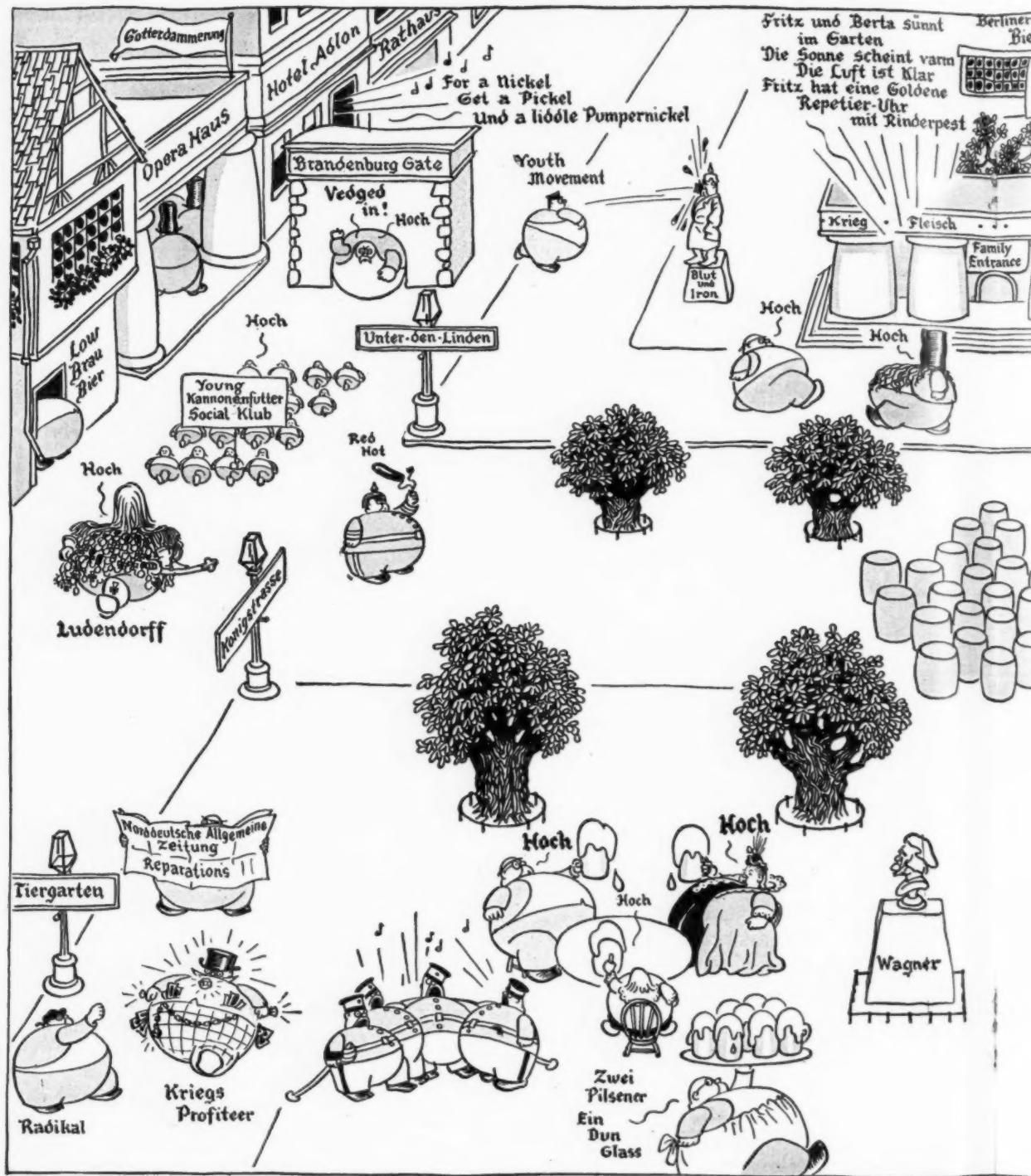
E. S. Martin.



THE HIRED "HELP"

Democrat: HE TOLD ME I COULD MOW THE LAWN AND TEND THE GARDEN!

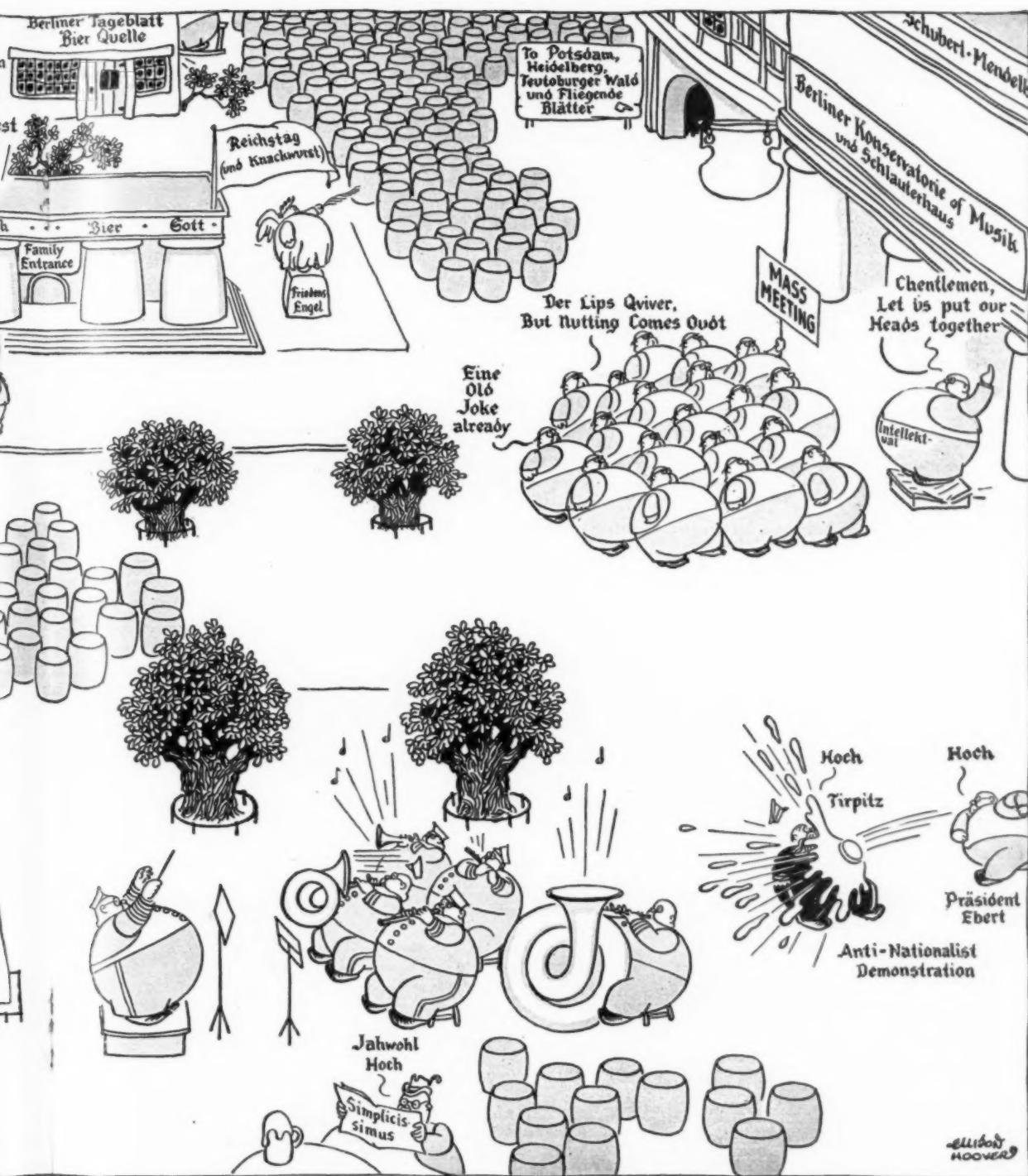
Republican: YOU'RE A LIAR! HE GAVE ME THE JOB.



An Impression

By One Who Has Never ...

LIFE



ession of Berlin

Who Has Never Been There



Again the Follies

AS Will Rogers said on the opening night, the difference between a good Follies and a bad Follies shows up in the gross receipts on the season to the tune of about \$1.80. It doesn't make much difference to the public whether the Follies are good or bad. They are the Follies. It is this charming trait in the American people, this shut-eye acceptance of anything so long as it has the right name, that makes it so easy to sell them bad liquor, bad styles, and bad Presidents.

There really isn't any need, then, for Mr. Ziegfeld to worry much whether or not the critics like his shows. So long as he brings on plenty of young ladies and keeps all the lamps burning in the "Ziegfeld Follies" sign on the front of the theatre, he can count on his constituency. So long as it is a recognized factor in New York salesmanship to take a visiting prospect to dinner and then to the Follies, the critics can go and chase one another around the Central Park Reservoir.



THE new Follies, as a matter of fact, is a big improvement over last year's, which is saying just about as little as it is possible to say and still be articulate. It has nothing that is actively bad in it. It is true, a sincere examination fails to disclose many things that are actively good, but perhaps that would be a little too much to expect. The eye is pretty continuously pleased, the seats are comfortable, and the New Amsterdam Theatre is within easy reach of both railway terminals and the subway stations. Things might be worse.



THE case of Will Rogers is unique in entertainment circles. Although for entirely different reasons, he, like the Follies itself, does not have to be very good. That is, his material does not have to be very good. So tremendous is the unassuming charm of this native that he can say almost anything and you are suffused with a warm glow of goodwill toward him. In spite of the fact that he receives a large sum for his services, and that he, like any other actor, deliberately steps before you with the avowed intention of amusing you, there is something so unprofessional and casual about his manner that even the mildest of his cracks are acceptable.

And, of course, when he is at his best, as he is with his old rope and chewing equipment, he is as keen a political satirist as the country has ever had. No show which contains Will Rogers can be said to be unimportant.



"UNIMPORTANT," however, would be a good word for much of the current show. In fact, it is difficult to remember much about it without consulting the program. Before we turn to this form of cribbing, we will, just for the fun of it (and a pretty pass our civilization has come to when this can be classed as fun), recall as many outstanding features of the galaxy as we are able to, as we sit here before the fire dreaming through the pipe-smoke.



FIRST, and most vivid of all, is the success of Mr. Tom Lewis' inchoate speech, always a success so far as we are concerned. In it, no sentence is ever finished, no thought ever brought to its fruition, and yet the general effect is at least equal in lucidity to that of most of the speeches with which the radio was burdened during the recent conventions.

Then the Empire and Tiller Girls in their remarkable exhibition of keeping step.

And the finale to the first act, the title of which we forgot, but which might well have been called "Illicit Dalliance Through the Ages," in which such famous ladies as Eve, Cleopatra, Guinevere, Eloise, Nell Gwynn and Lady Hamilton come down the steps dressed in delectable shades of salmon and old rose and stand about waiting for the curtain to come down.

There is also an effective rearrangement of old-time Victor Herbert numbers which sends the blood coursing through long-unused channels of the hearts of those who were at the height of their callow romantic movement when "Absinthe Frappé" and "I Can't Do That Sum" were new....Ah, me! Those days! Those girls! Many of them mothers now. Dear, dear!



AS for the rest of the Follies, we must consult the program. On second thought, perhaps we had better not. Mr. Ziegfeld sent us seats for the opening this time, and the least that we can do in return is let it go at this.

Robert C. Benchley.

(*The Confidential Guide will be found on page 29*)

To Any Lady

WHO would believe, if I should sing
That you are Beauty's blossoming,
The essence, the embodiment
Of zephyrs bearing fragrant scent?

Who would believe, if I should swear
That hidden buds are in your hair,
And that your frank and lustrous eyes
Two wondrous hemispheres comprise?

Who would believe, if I should say
Your glamour waxes day by day,
Emblazoning an aureole
About your fine, poetic soul?

Who would believe? It may be, none;
But this is not for every one.
And while, at most, a paltry few would,
There is no doubt, my dear, that you would.

Arthur Kramer.

Plus-Four-Bagger

BABE RUTH enlisted in the National Guard and finally found an olive drab uniform to fit him.
"How in the world did he manage that?"
"He made the circuit of the army bases."

NEW YORK has a new evening newspaper. Its publishers must be optimistic about the size of the Munsey bankroll.



CAPITAL AND LABOR

Bank Notes

A CASHIER who is short in the bank will probably be long in jail.

* * *

A bank vault is a place where your money is kept safe from everybody except gunmen and bank officials.

* * *

Whenever the bank balances your account you begin to doubt the infallibility of adding machines.

* * *

Your balance is the amount the bank says you have, and which you can't disprove.

* * *

Bankers are good Samaritans who, whenever "Money" gets "tight," nurse him carefully until he gets over it.

* * *

The origin of the word "teller" is this. Formerly the cashier took in and paid out the bank funds. Then came the first woman to make a deposit. The cashier endeavored to explain to her the method of using a check book. At last, exhausted, he called to one of his assistants, saying, "You tell 'er; I'm all in." The assistant succeeded and the position of teller was created for him on the spot.

Education

MR. H. EDGAR ROOMP was a firm believer in the right of the child to choose its own way in life.

"I had a strict father," said Mr. Roomp. "I wanted to be a physician but my father insisted that I go into business. Nothing like that is going to happen to my child. He's not going to be forced into business. If he doesn't study medicine, I'll disinherit him."



THERE is a rumor that will not down, to the effect that the business of a book review is to give the reader an idea whether or not he would like to read the book for himself. A review in one of the newspapers of "Love Days," by Henrie Waste (Knopf), not only inspired me with a desire to read it, but drove me to the extravagance of paying out three dollars of my own money for a copy, Mr. Knopf having neglected to favor me with one. It is, therefore, with some bitterness that I record my failure to enjoy it. My disappointment was increased by the fact that the heroine got away to such a good start. She had beauty, brains, social position and a rich aunt—everything, in fact, except personality. She went in for Greek roots and the gentlemen, pursuing both to the university towns and capitals of Europe. But one love affair, after all, is very like another, and *Susanna's* passion for standing off and looking through a microscope at every idea or emotion she or anybody else has had grows tiresome before the reader has reached the end of the four hundred and twenty-five large, closely printed pages. Who can possibly care very much what happens to a sarcastic, unhumorous woman who suffers from a superiority complex?

"HOW TO WRITE SHORT STORIES," by Ring W. Lardner (Scribner), is what the academicians would call a literary hoax, because it is not the text-book on composition which the title suggests, but a collection of tales designed to show, in the words of the author, what can be done with a stub pen. Having been asked to give some advice to boys and girls who want to take up writing as a

life work, he decides in the preface that "the best method to use in giving out these hints is to try to describe my own personal procedure from the time I get inspired till the time the manuscript is loaded onto the trucks," and this he does to a certain hilarious extent. It is on his "samples," however,

announce that "Champion" is the best short story ever written by an American.

ALL those who feel themselves solitary figures as survivors of a rapidly vanishing era will enjoy "Galloping Dawns," by Arthur Tuckerman (Doubleday, Page). The younger generation and its doings figure in this book only as a Greek chorus. The story really belongs to the heroine's father, *Lawrence Dulac*, a gentleman of the old school who has passed most of his life in Europe and cannot readily accustom himself to the Park Avenue civilization wherein a man can give a large ball for his daughter and be addressed by only three of his guests during the evening. His two children, who are inevitably caught up in the whirl of their contemporaries, are too much for him, and although in the end he is forced to yield to the pressure of modern society, he goes down with band playing and colors flying. "Galloping Dawns" will make every properly reared person over thirty years of age sigh just a bit for the gentle days that are dead.



The Earring

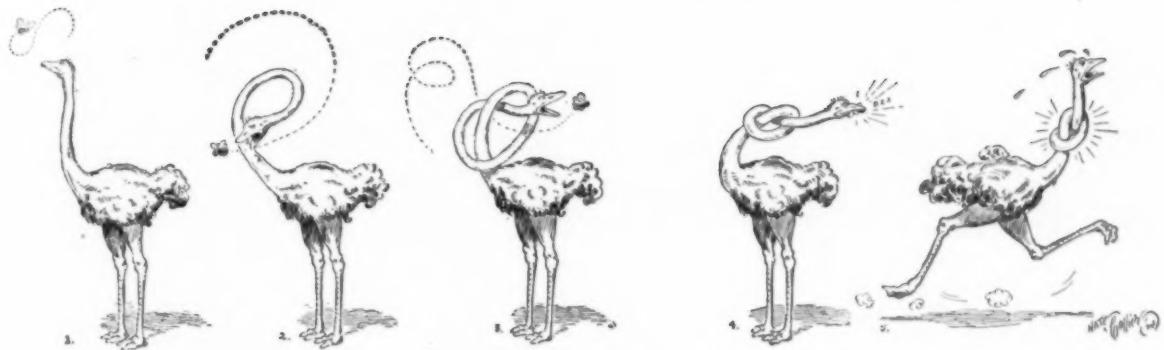
WHEN a good little ear, and a theme of delight,
Has patiently hearkened from morning till night
To all that is proper for good little ears,
To whispers of laughter and passion and tears,
Politely receptive though frequently bored,
That good little ear should not lack a reward;
So come with a pendant of coral or pearls
For a pink little ear in an arbor of curls!

Arthur Guiterman.

with their italicized foreword burlesques, that Mr. Lardner depends for the bulk of his exposition, and they are specimens which bring him into his own as an interpreter of American life in the American vernacular. Feeling and humor are an unbeatable combination. My own favorite is "The Golden Honeymoon," but I have heard strong men with a strange light in their eyes

THE desire for an enemy to write a book has had long and abundant publicity. How about one for an enemy to read? An ideal entry in this second connection is "The Cross-Word Puzzle Book" (Plaza Publishing Co.). So intent does the victim become on tracking down "Decomposes into molecules" and "The female of a kind of pachyderm" that he is likely to forget his duties as a husband and father and allow his insurance business to go to rack and ruin.

Diana Warwick.



THE TRAGEDY OF A LONG NECK

Lament

I PLANTED a row of corn.
The corn began to grow,
Then down on every kernel
There swooped a hungry crow.

I planted a row of beans.
The beans began to sprout,
In came my neighbors' chickens
And scratched my string beans out.

I planted a row of squash.
They waxed; no squash could beat 'em.
They grew—untouched by crow or chick—
But I can't get a soul to eat 'em!

B. B.



"BEAT IT, MICKEY. DON'TCHA SEE YE'RE PARKED RIGHT IN FRONTA DE HYDRUNT?"

• LIFE •

When two eminent pugilists fight one another, why do the illustrated papers give us —

Dongasse



— so much of this?



— and of this?



— and this?



— and this again?



— and this?



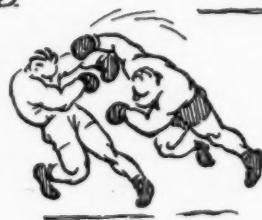
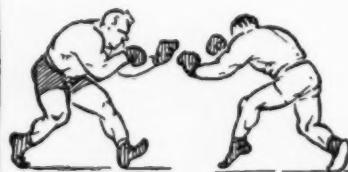
— and also this?



— and this too?



— and even this?



Surely they look —

just as pretty —

doing this?

WHY?

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past thirty-seven years. In that time it has expended \$271,448.33 and has given a fortnight in the country to 45,925 poor city children.

Contributions, which are acknowledged in LIFE about three weeks after their receipt, should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Ave., New York City.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$5,701.77
Mrs. E. N. Hazard, Santa Barbara, Calif.....	12.50
Jimmy and Petie, Denver, Colo.....	11.00
Chas. L. Young, Orient, N. Y.....	5.00
Emma A. Nesler, Cape Porpoise, Me.....	
W. H. Williams, Binghamton, N. Y.....	11.00
Mrs. S. W. Battle, Asheville, N. C.....	5.00
A. G. N. Y. City.....	25.00
H. D. B., St. Paul, Minn.....	10.00
Mahlon D. Thatcher, Pueblo, Colo. "From V. B. B." Saginaw, Mich.....	25.00
Mrs. A. Krause, Chicago.....	10.00
Miss L. E. Morey, Naples, N. Y.....	1.00
W. P. Wadsworth, Concord, N. H.....	1.25
James H. Vance, Lake Worth, Fla.....	15.00
Chester Warner, Sunderland, Mass.....	1.00
J. E. A., Norfolk, Neb.....	25.00
James Crowell, East Orange, N. J.....	25.00
B. S. C., Jamestown, R. I.....	50.00
Chas. W. Kliesrath, Hoboken, N. J.....	25.00
Mr. and Mrs. John Hinkel, Berkeley, Calif.....	3.00
Alexander Williams, Emeryville, Calif.....	20.00
F. S. Wade, Los Angeles.....	3.00
"From a friend," Denver, Colo.....	11.00
Mary J. Kinder, Madison, Neb.....	11.00
F. M. Warren, Los Angeles.....	2.00
Mrs. H. D. Lindsay, Burlingame, Calif.....	12.00
Mrs. E. W. Newhall, San Francisco.....	25.00
In memory of Elisabeth Whitman, So. Manchester, Conn.....	2.00
	20.00

(Continued on page 30)



Manis

"HERE'S A PENNY, POOR MAN, AND HOW DO YOU LIVE?"
"ON THE AIR AN' THE DEW, LADY, SAME AS A ORCHID."

Rowboat Thinking

PEOPLE who wonder why bass are fooled by artificial bait can find the answer in November in the election returns.

A rowboat is like a Pullman berth: very comfortable in the travel folder.

Bob Davis says he does not understand how the legend persists that guides can cook. Still, the legend that Americans are a free people remains pretty vigorous.

Life here must be rather dull in the winter. Of course, the guides get enough amusement in the season to last several months.

Every man ought to go to the wilds once in a while and let his whiskers grow and wear his garage pants. Then he can appreciate a mortgaged home with a leaking roof.

The pathetic part of a fishing trip is that the big ones really do get away.

McC. H.

My Girl Friend

I TOLD Esther, my girl friend, this morning about the swell time Guy, my boy friend, and I had at Jennie's party last night, all the eats we ate and everything, and the dandy dancers I danced with, and the grand music and slippery floor, and the things they said to me, and the classy car that Ed, Jennie's boy friend, took Guy and I home in, and all about the swell time we had, and when I got through, she said "Didja?"

Yesterday I was saying to her how funny my boss is, never liking very much talking around the office, although he wasn't nervous other ways, and never saying very much to people in the office, but chewing the rag when any of his friends come in from outside, and funny like that, and she remarked, "S funny."

Day before yesterday I told her about how George and I went down to the Beach last week-end, and how we thought at first we'd go out a



"LET'S THROW HIM A KISS. HE MAY BE FLYING AROUND THE WORLD, AND PERHAPS HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT COUNTRY THIS IS."

way in a canoe, then changed our minds, and how we wished we could fool around the Beach all the time, and how I adored the water, and finally asked her if she didn't and she said, "Yeh!"

These are just samples, but she's always kind and sympathetic like that—never saying too much nor nothing. I've got a lot of boy friends, but she's my only real girl friend, and we get along grand.

M. I.

In Any Metropolis

SHE: Bob told me he's driven his car 110,000 miles this year.

HE: Probably trying to find a place to park.

THE SILENT DRAMA

Busybodies

THERE is growing up throughout the country a phony form of censorship which is just as stupid and just as annoying, though possibly not so dangerous, as the genuine legal article itself. It is promoted by and for amateur busybodies (most of them, it is unpleasant to record, women) who form themselves into "Better Films Committees," and then proceed to air their views with all the ponderous importance of a William Jennings Bryan.

The object of these Better Films Committees, ostensibly, is to provide the public with opinions on the moral aspect of various moving pictures. When any film, from a twelve-reel super-special-feature to a news reel, is exhibited in a town, the active committee members view it, and give to the press their official estimate of its cleanliness and availability for family use.

Of course, the members usually see these shows free of charge—either through the excessive courtesy of the theatre managers or by use of funds subscribed for the purpose by those credulous citizens who believe that the advice so bought will be of some value to them. This consideration weighs heavily with the generous souls who offer their critical services free to the cause of Better Films.

AN instance of this morbid tendency to meddle is provided in Berkeley, California. Out there, where people are free and big and warm-hearted and broad-minded, there is a Better Films Committee which sees all the current releases, and reports on them at length in the hospitable columns of the *Daily Gazette*.

From a correspondent, who prefers to remain anonymous, I have received numerous clippings which testify eloquently to the quality of Berkeley's spare-time censors. The choicest of these is an appraisal of Mary Pickford's "Rosita," published last fall. Speaking of the character of the King, magnificently played by Holbrook Blinn,

the Better Films Committee opines as follows:

"The effect of the part of the dissolute King, unredeemed by any good trait, instils in the minds of audiences no proper respect for the office he holds. The presentation, not the moral of the play, is objectionable. Plays which belittle offices of authority are incentives for radicalism."

Following the same narrow-gauge track, one comes to the conclusion that among the plays and books which we must keep away from Berkeley in the future are "Macbeth," "Henry VIII," Wells' "Outline of History," Shaw's "Cesar and Cleopatra," and anything that contains reference to the part played by George III in promoting the American Revolution, or by Wilhelm II in the Great War. And the references to Pontius Pilate and Herod

in the Bible wouldn't be so secure, either.

Indeed, if there were a "Better Newspapers Committee" in Berkeley, I imagine that the *Daily Gazette* would be purged of all allusions to the recent activities of that loyal Californian, Edward L. Doheny.

THE impulses which prompt people to assume the censor's mantle are obvious, and one can readily sympathize with them.

There are the free seats, as already pointed out, which solve the problem of what to do with idle hours.

There is the thrill of breaking into print, with name attached.

Above all, there is the supreme satisfaction to be derived from the expression of one's own opinion. It is estimated that 96.8 per cent. of the human race is composed of natural-born critics—persons who, at the drop of a hat, would be willing to rush to press with a criticism of anything, from "Tillie's Punctured Romance" to Sophocles' "Antigone."

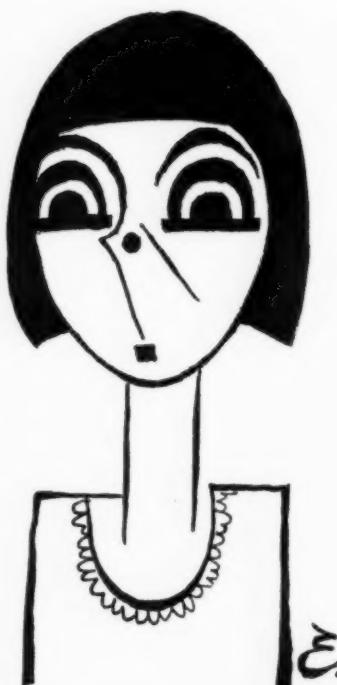
Out of every ten aspirants who apply for work at a newspaper or magazine office, at least ten announce their preference for criticism, and their indisputable qualifications for the critic's position.

Nine of these applicants usually are justified in their claims; the other one gets the job.

ONE should not, therefore, be too severe with the Better Films Committees, particularly if one is doing for money what they, doubtless, are doing for love. But the fact remains that they are an unmitigated nuisance. Their value to the community as guardians of public morals is *nil*; their effect upon those stalwart souls who attempt to promote intelligence on the screen is a discouraging one.

If they must air their views, they should do so in the sanctity of the home. There are enough professional opinion-molders in this nation as it is.

Robert E. Sherwood.



COLLEEN MOORE IN "THE PERFECT FLAPPER."

The New-Voes Are Here for the Summer

THE New-Voes are here for the summer.

They have taken the old Van Broke place.

Of course, they've remodeled it completely.

They've laid a dance floor in the living-room.

They've made a casino out of the stable.

They've put a bar in the dining-room. And they've turned the library into a roulette parlor.

The gardener's cottage is now the sleeping quarters for the jazz bands that come from town.

They've changed the old fountain into a swimming pool.

And the flower garden into a parking space for their motor-cars.

They've made a wine cellar out of the well.

And what was formerly the orchard is now a supper pavilion.

They give four or five dances a week. And eight or nine dinners.

They often give two dinners the same day.

And their lunches are stupendous. They take moving pictures of themselves at lunch.

Their house is always packed. And they know some of their guests quite well, by now.

It looks like a big season for the New-Voes.

They're here for the summer. They've taken the old Van Broke place.

C. G. S.

The New Sisterhood

STICK-UP STEVE: Will ya marry me, kid?

HIS SWEETIE: Naw, I can't marry ya, Steve, but I can be a bandit to ya.



Sculptor (en route for Academy):
DO YOU MIND IF I POP HER IN HERE
WHILST I GO INTO A SMOKER?

—Passing Show (London).

Even now men are criticized on this point

Today with full knowledge of the conclusive medical opinion on controlling excessive perspiration, many men have eliminated this annoyance—but others apparently have not

DURING the many hours each day when formal clothing must be worn, few men escape altogether the annoyance caused by perspiration. Often enough there is actual discomfort and visible damage to the appearance. More frequently the result—the faint body odor—is apparent only to others.

This source of annoyance, it is known today, is quite different in character from the full, free perspiration which is so exhilarating and so necessary during exercise. Bothersome moisture occurs chiefly in limited areas—the armpits, the feet, the palms, the neck and forehead—and is the symptom of two very common forms of perspiration irregularity—*hyperhidrosis* (excessive local perspiration) and *bromidrosis* (odoriferous perspiration).

Men are still criticized on this score—both in business and leisure hours. Letters of comment still reach us. But there is less room for fault-finding than formerly—the facts on this subject have now become generally known.

The verdict of America's foremost medical authority

A few years ago the Journal of the American Medical Association, the official paper of leading physicians, published the following statement:

Question—What harm will come of stopping the perspiration which normally comes under the arms?

Answer—No harm comes from stopping the perspiration under the arms; that is, there is no danger in the failure of this limited excretion of sweat.

This brief, authoritative statement sums up a mass of conclusive evidence that settles this point once and for all.

With the knowledge that this troublesome perspiration can be controlled in full accord with the established laws of health, men by the thousands are today using the one simple and logical corrective—Odorono.

First formulated for a surgeon

Originally Odorono was perfected by a Cincinnati physician at the request of a surgeon who was hampered during operations by excessive perspiration on his forehead.

Odorono is a clear antiseptic liquid—



One man in every five has acted on this new knowledge

Two well known national magazines have just secured from 357 men, picked at random from among their readers, a statement on excessive perspiration.

22% of the total—one out of every five—have weighed the conclusive evidence on this subject and are regularly controlling moisture in the limited areas where it gives them annoyance

particularly convenient for men, because only two applications a week are needed to give complete protection and assure perfect grooming. Get a bottle of Odorono the next time you are in a drug store. Meantime let us send you a sample.

Also investigate the facts for yourself. A full discussion of this subject, taken from the works of leading medical authorities has been published in leaflet form. To get this leaflet and a sample, just fill out and mail the coupon below. The Odorono Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Armpits—Regularly used, twice a week, Odorono protects your shirts and coat linings from all trace of perspiration stain and odor.

Feet—The soreness caused by continued perspiration is completely eliminated by Odorono.

Neck—Wilted collars are impossible when Odorono is used regularly on the neck.

Forehead and Hands—A dripping forehead and moist, clammy hands are both corrected by Odorono.

FACTS THAT MERIT INVESTIGATION

The Odorono Company, 147 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
In Canada, address The Odorono Company Ltd., 107 Duke St., Toronto

Please send me, without charge, the leaflet giving opinions of medical authorities on checking perspiration locally, also a sample of Odorono

Name..... Street.....

City..... State.....



Doubling for Cinderella

Beads of perspiration stood out on the forehead of the shoe clerk as he rose to his feet after trying on practically every No. 5 shoe in the store.

"Shall I wrap up a pair for you, lady?" asked the exhausted clerk.

"No, thanks," replied the lady shopper. "I was just trying them on for a friend."

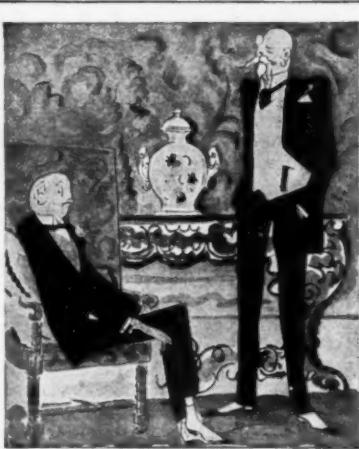
—*Houston Post.*

Nature's Way Out?

The Expedition to British Honduras has brought back a pair of strange animals that crawl along the ground like alligators, have the armor of turtles and can spring six feet. It sounds to us as though the perfect pedestrian had been discovered at last.—*Punch.*

DOCTOR: My treatment is doing you good. You are looking much better to-day.

FAIR PATIENT: Oh, I always look much better in this hat!—*Tit-Bits.*



OLD FRANCE

"BUT CONSIDER, PAPA! SHE'LL
BRING IN FIVE MILLION DOLLARS."
"YES; BUT HER FATHER WANTS TO
USE OUR COAT OF ARMS ON HIS
CORNED-BEEF CANS."
—*Le Rire (Paris).*

The Antique Clock

"How much is that old clock?" asked the customer of the antique dealer.

"Five thousand francs."

"That's pretty expensive. I suppose it still works?"

"Admirably, only you've got to know how to use it. When the hands point to noon and the chimes ring five o'clock, you must understand that it's half-past two."—*Sans-Gêne (Paris).*

Informal

FAIR TOURIST (at the Vatican): I'd like to see the Pope.

SWISS GUARD: His Holiness does not grant an audience to-day.

FAIR TOURIST: Well, ask him if he could just peep out of the window.

—*Lustige Blätter (Berlin).*

IN MARYLAND the Summit of Swank has been scaled. It has been reached by "Ye Olde Hot Dog Shoppe."

—*F. P. A., in New York World.*

MODERN GIRL (telephoning home at 3 A.M.): Don't worry about me, Mother. I'm all right. I'm in jail.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

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If You Go Through
LIFE with a Smile,
Your Burdens will Lighten,
Your Prospects will Brighten,
Your Skies will ever be Blue!

Readers of
Life

usually go through it with many smiles, each Tuesday as it comes. And these smiles are carried over into other days, so your whole week is brightened. You can tell a LIFE reader by his readiness to smile and see the fun of things, his wide-awake manner and quick grasp. Won't they choose him for promotion rather than the glum mortal who takes notice of nothing, never laughs? Train Yourselves for Advancement, brethren, by the LIFE Laughing Method for a year, or try our

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.20, Foreign \$1.40). Send LIFE for the next ten weeks to

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One Year \$5

Canadian \$5.80

Foreign \$6.60

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Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 8)

thing about the war to her was the way the bells rang the night the boys went away.

July 11th To the city by early train to shop for a few vital necessities, and in the negligees I did encounter Emmy Anderson, whom I can never behold without a feeling of guilt, forasmuch as the wearing of an artificial orchid on her fur fifteen years ago decided Ted Tyler that she would be no fit wife for him, so he did not propose, and it was I who gave her the flower. Of course life with a man having such ridiculous and definite ideas might have been none too cheerful; but Emmy has never wed, and I do feel uneasily responsible for her spinsterhood.... To luncheon at the Lido-Venice with Nora Blynn, and she did tell me that when Dot Mitchell visited her for six weeks she would not have known anybody was in her house, which, methinks, is as high a compliment as one woman can pay another. To the Grand Central to meet Samuel, and I could not resist going to the popcorn stand, so we missed our train, to Sam's disgust, and from his goings-on you would have thought that fifteen or twenty minutes actually meant something to him.

July 12th Lay late, pondering many things, and recalling the statement from an old hymn that earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal, I did reflect that there is naught to be done about a hole in the back of one's stocking or a button that suddenly pops off the shoe. Abandoning such futile speculations, I did arise and array myself against the arrival of Hilda Cross, always a most satisfactory guest, her discourse being both sensible and diverting, which is a rare combination. Hilda is the kind, says Sam, who can always think of asking, Are



The Spirit of Pioneering

Impatience with present facilities, a restless searching for perfect things—these have driven men to discovery and invention. They possessed the early voyagers who turned their backs on the security of home to test opportunity in an unknown land. They explain the march westward that resulted in this settled, united country. And they have inspired the activities of the Bell System since the invention of the telephone.

The history of the Bell System records impatience with anything less than the best known way of doing a job. It records a steady and continuous search to find an even better way. In every department of telephone activity improvement has been the goal—new methods of construction and operation, refinement in equipment, discoveries in science that might aid in advancing the telephone art. Always the road has been kept open for an unhampered and economic development of the telephone.

Increased capacity for service has been the result. Instead of rudimentary telephones connecting two rooms in 1876, to-day finds 15,000,000 telephones serving a whole people. Instead of speech through a partition, there is speech across a continent. Instead of a few subscribers who regarded the telephone as an uncertain toy, a nation recognizes it as a vital force in the business of living.

Thus has the Bell System set its own high standards of service. By to-day's striving it is still seeking to make possible the greater service of to-morrow.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BELL SYSTEM

One Policy, One System, Universal Service

those beautiful flowers from your own garden? when the table talk is giving its dying gasp.... This day I did cut the sleeves out of every gown I own save those which I am to wear on the street.

Baird Leonard.

Lazy Dew

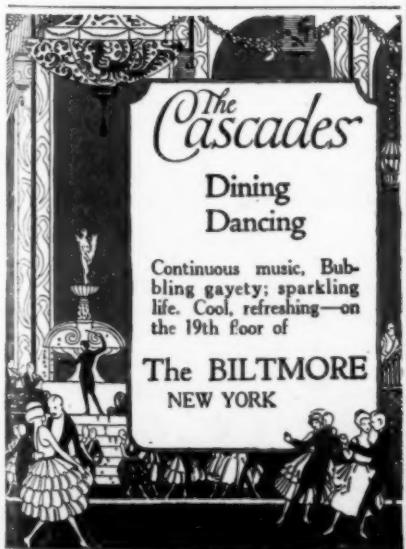
A LITTLE lazy particle of dew
Lay listening to the singing stars all
night,
Till morning found a sparkle shining
through,
Like music in a tiny drop of light.



HIERARCHY

"YOU FORGET, MISS, THAT A DIFFERENCE OF FIVE MONTHS SEPARATES US."

—*Le Rire (Paris).*



AN EXTRA MEASURE OF SERVICE

It's the "everlastin' team work" in these days when the reach of business is so great.



ORGANIZATION is indispensable. Training and experience must be won by many minds and many hands before there comes the order and organization competent to deliver efficient banking service.

Fifty-four tried officers in this institution supervise upwards of 100 departments whose many managers and assistants direct the work of more than 2200 employes. Each department is a unit and part of the one great unit which operates smoothly, swiftly, effectively to deliver the extra measure of service.

The CONTINENTAL and COMMERCIAL BANKS

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RESOURCES MORE THAN 500 MILLIONS

It can't get lost It can't get lost

You'll like it!

This is the new Hinge-Cap on Williams Shaving Cream

It can't get lost It can't get lost

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

Bargee's Reply Deleted

The Cockney has a delightful spontaneous wit. One day a bargee was laboriously pulling his cumbersome craft down the river Thames against the tide. Naturally, he was making very slow progress. A loafer on London Bridge shouted, when the toiling bargee came within hailing distance, "Hoi, mate, bring us back a parrot, will yer?"

—Sporting and Dramatic News.

For busy men and women—Abbott's Bitters, a delightful tonic and invigorator—sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

The Early Riser

A visitor in a mountain village noticed that one citizen was always up very early but never did any work. So he questioned the man's wife.

"Why does your husband rise so early?"

"Oh, he wants an early breakfast."

"But he doesn't do anything. Why must he have such an early breakfast?"

"To smoke after."—Argonaut.

THE INDIGNANT YOUNG WIFE: Seeing that I'm telling the truth for once, you might at least believe me.

—*Sans-Gene (Paris)*.

Ask for Horlick's The ORIGINAL Malted Milk

Safe Milk

For Infants, Children, Invalids, the Aged, etc.

Avoid Imitations

New Version

The little daughter of an eminent Melbourne divine wrote the following story for a children's competition in one of the weeklies. It didn't win:

CHAPTER I.

At the marriage altar the brave knight clad in shining armor stood with his bride dressed in white as a token of purity. Her hair was long and golden, and shone in the light which streamed through the cathedral windows. The knight was bold and tall, with fire gleaming from his black eyes. In his right hand he bore a silken banner with the words "For love and purity and thee," whilst his left clasped his lovely bride.

CHAPTER II.

Even as the holy priest, looking up at the roof and blessing them, made them one, the blast of a war-trumpet shrilled the call to arms. The raven-haired knight dropped his newly-made bride, strode to the door, and spoke to the trumpeter, "Waldemar de Fitz Albert, why thus callest thou me from my newly-made bride?" Waldemar answered: "I call thee, for the Saracens ride across the raging main, and thou and I alone must uphold the Sacred Cross." The black-haired knight made reply: "Be it so, though my heart is fain to break!"

CHAPTER III.

The golden-haired bride staggered forth, and casting herself on her face before her husband moaned, "Must it be, my own?" Raising her tenderly with his left hand, for his right hand held his banner and the reins of his coal-black champing steed, he groaned, "Even so, I go to fight for love and purity and thee." The bride clasped him in her arms, and tied her two white gloves on his helm of steel. "Go," she sobbed, "and I will also work and pray at home for love and purity and thee." Choking back his gasping sighs she flung himself on his steed, and galloped off to the field of gore.

CHAPTER IV.

For eight long years he fought for love and purity and her, whilst she did likewise for him, and prayed also.

CHAPTER V.

It was midnight, and a thunderstorm raged, as the bride, now grown older, with her fair hair hanging in glorious golden masses down her alabaster back, sat in the moat of her castle. She was stitching another banner of love and purity, when a trumpet rang out and her loved one clasped her in his arms. He said, "I have fought for thee, and now return to thee thy gloves pure as thou gavest them me. I have done my duty." She made answer: "I for my part have worked at home for thee these eight long years, and also for love and innocence. I too have done my duty, and the result I give unto thee." And drawing a massive crimson curtain aside she disclosed in rosy sleep in their cots eight lovely babes.

[FINIS.]

—*Bulletin (Sydney)*.

It Takes Brains

A friend of ours has the belief that all the taxi drivers in New York City are going insane because of the tremendous and increasing congestion of traffic. If they go insane it will be an intellectual promotion for some of them.

—*New York Herald Tribune*.

Sure Relief

BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION 25 CENTS

6 BELL-ANS Hot water Sure Relief

BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION

25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

All God's Chillun Got Wings. Province-town—Eugene O'Neill's tragic story of a Negro who tried to buck his Fate. A splendid performance by Paul Robeson.

Cobra. Hudson—Well-acted drama of the unfaithful wife who got hers.

Her Way Out. Gaity—To be reviewed later.

Shooting Shadows. Ritz—To be reviewed later.

White Cargo. Daly's—Showing how a white man fades under the tropical sun.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. Republic—An interesting revival of one of America's old favorites.

Beggar on Horseback. Broadhurst—Highly amusing satire in the form of a dream dreamed by Roland Young.

The Blue Bandanna. Vanderbilt—Pretty thin mystery play involving several quick changes by Sidney Blackmer.

The Bride. Thirty-Ninth St.—Peggy Wood out of her element in another synthetic pearl-robery.

Expressing Willie. Forty-Eighth St.—Good intelligent kidding of several popular notions.

Fashion. Greenwich Village—A play of 1845 made into a holiday for us wise moderns.

Fata Morgana. Lyceum—Emily Stevens in a vivid portrayal of a woman who thought it would be fun to teach a young boy a few things.

The Goose Hangs High. Bijou—The Younger Generation Problem well handled.



"Mum" is the word!

Every girl wants to be popular—to be always at her best—free from the unpleasant odor of perspiration. "Mum," the dainty cream-deodorant, prevents *all* body odors. Its use with the sanitary pack proves its safety. "Mum" is 25c and 50c everywhere.

SPECIAL OFFER

\$1.25 worth for \$1 postpaid—25c "Mum;" 25c "Amoray" Talc, the Powder Perfume richly fragranced; and 75c Evans's Depilatory Outfit, the quick, safe way of removing hair. Or "Mum" and "Amoray" 50c worth for 40c postpaid. Give dealer's name and address.

Mum Mfg. Co.
1108 Chestnut Street
Philadelphia



The Locked Door. Cort—A leer or two at the wedding-night.

Meet the Wife. Klaw—Mary Boland in pretty conventional comedy.

The Potters. Plymouth—A series of clear snapshots of the American home.

The Show-Off. Playhouse—The best comedy of the season.

So This Is Politics. Henry Miller's—About what it sounds like.

Spring Cleaning. Eltinge—Entertaining dirt.

Vogues. Shubert—A new edition, which fortunately still retains Jimmy Savo and Fred Allen.

Ziegfeld Follies. New Amsterdam—Reviewed in this issue.

From the Esperanto

BENEVOLENCE is, more often than not, a form of repentance.

Men marry to prove to themselves they are not so selfish as they really are; women, to prove to themselves they were missing nothing in not marrying.

A man falls in love to extend his circle of admirers; a woman, to close hers.

The fault of all educational systems lies in their not teaching us what to forget.

Love, like business, thrives on competition; but not without monopoly in sight.

Idealism is often a cloak for incompetence; cynicism, a cloak for idealism.

G. R.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Charlot's Revue. Selwyn—A group of English stars in a real show.

Flossie. Lyric—By no means.

Grand Street Follies. Neighborhood—A revue for people who don't like the Winter Garden which is meeting with astonishing success.

I'll Say She Is. Casino—More laughs than have been heard in these parts for years, thanks to the Four Marx Brothers.

Keep Kool. Morosco—Much better than you would think from the spelling.

Kid Boots. Earl Carroll—Eddie Cantor going around 'way under par.

Little Jessie James. Little—The dean of the musical shows in town.

Mr. Battling Buttler. Times Square—There are better.

Plain Jane. Sam H. Harris—Pretty regulation, except for Joe Laurie.

Scandals of 1924. Apollo—To be reviewed later.

ashamed

It brought him untold misery; yet only he himself was to blame

HE had neglected his teeth so long that he was actually ashamed to visit his dentist. Finally he became so sensitive about their appearance that in conversation he habitually distorted his mouth in an effort to hide them from view.

A reasonable effort on his own part—consulting his dentist, conscientious use of his tooth brush and the right dentifrice—might have saved him this humiliation.

Choosing the right dentifrice

You have heard and read a great deal about dentifrices—which ones were safe, which one best.

When the makers of Listerine—the safe antiseptic—decided to offer a dentifrice, they faced much the same problem.

First of all, they recognized the need of a cleansing medium that would exactly meet mouth conditions.

This cleansing or polishing agent had to be just the right hardness to clean efficiently; yet not hard enough to injure that delicate, priceless tooth enamel which can never be replaced and which when once impaired exposes the tooth to decay.

Cleans without harming the enamel

The company's chemists finally discovered a special cleansing substance that precisely meets these requirements.

According to tests, based upon the "scale of hardness" scientists employ in studying mineral substances, this specially prepared cleansing medium is actually softer than tooth enamel and harder than tartar. *Therefore, it cannot scratch or injure the enamel.*

Yet it cleans thoroughly and leaves a delightfully fresh, clean taste you will enjoy.—*Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

**LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE**
Large Tube 25 cents

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(Continued from page 23)

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W. U. M., Philadelphia	11.50
In memory of Grace Osborne Fish, Bryn Mawr, Pa.	22.00
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Mrs. A. M. Sherwood, N. Y. City	5.00
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Add a 1-2-3-4 *Boncilla* Facial To Your Assets

THE man who stands ace-high with his banker not only *has* a lot of "steam" but his face proves it. One look and you see youthful vigor written there—no matter what his age.

You can exchange yours for that kind of face. Order up a Boncilla Facial at your barber shop and possess this tax-free, dividend-paying asset. Make the old face show the power behind it.

Boncilla gets down "where you live." It brings out dirt and grime that soap and water never will get. It renews the circulation in blood vessels long idle. It builds up the tissues and muscles. It makes good collateral out of a poor-credit-risk face.

But paste this in your hat. It takes 1-2-3-4 to make a real-job Boncilla Facial. 1—Boncilla Pack. 2—Boncilla Cold Cream. 3—Boncilla Vanishing Cream. 4—Boncilla Powder. Be sure you get 'em all.

Then do some more *getting*. Stop at a toilet goods counter and get "her" a complete Boncilla Set. The Ideal Set contains full size packages in a gift box, or there's the Pack-O-Beauty at 50c that never fails to win.

Boncilla Laboratories, Inc.

Indianapolis, Ind.

Canadian Boncilla Laboratories, Ltd.

Toronto, Ontario



The Diplomat

CHLOE! If you were not so fair,
I would seek the hazard quicker;
Were the glory of your hair
Less, and were your lashes thicker.
If your nose were somewhat Roman
That might be a friendly omen.

Chloe! If you had ankles fat,
If your perfect points were fewer,
Faster than an eye could bat,
I would introduce you to her.
Now, I shirk my patent duty.
Mother still is held a beauty!

J. K. M.

The Careless Gardener

THE great magazine publisher found his principal recreation in posies.

The flower beds in his garden were uniformly long and narrow, like the columns of one of his six-pound monthly periodicals. The publisher, arrayed in garden hat and knickers, was doing the honors.

"Here," said he, "are my roses. Just as you begin to get interested in them, you will reach the end of the bed.

**Protect your gums and
save your teeth**



JUST as a ship needs the closest attention under the water-line, so do the teeth under the gum-line. If the gums shrink from the tooth-base, serious dangers result. The teeth are weak ended. They are loosened. They are exposed to tooth-base decay. The gums themselves tender up. They form sacs which become the doorways of organic disease for the whole system. They disfigure the mouth in proportion as they recede.

Forhan's prevents this gum-decay called Pyorrhœa, which attacks *four out of five* people over forty.

Use Forhan's every tooth-brush time to preserve gum health and tooth wholeness. Tender gum spots are corrected. The gum-tissues are hardened and vigorized to support sound, unloosened teeth.

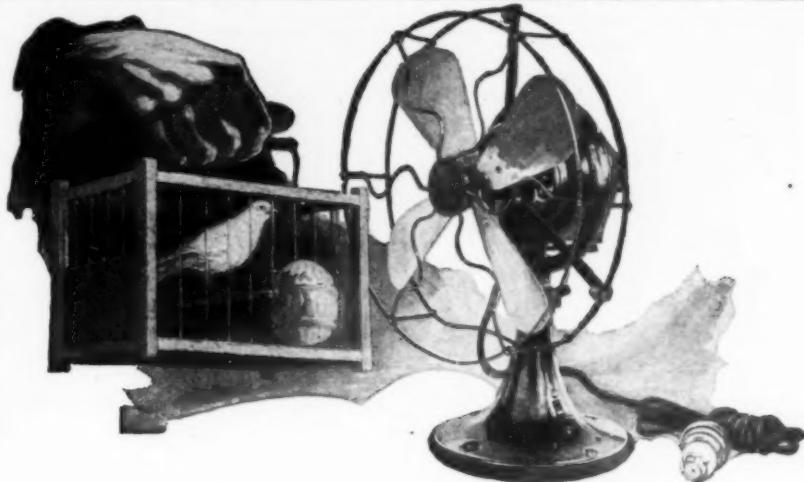
Forhan's is used as a dentifrice, though no dentifrice possesses its peculiar gum-tissue action.

If gum shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

In 35c and 60c tubes, at all drug-gists in the United States.

Formula of
B.J. Forhan, D.D.S.
FORHAN CO.
New York
Forhan's, Ltd.
Montreal

Forhan's
FOR
THE
GUMS

**The canary in the mine**

Often a canary is lowered down to test the air in a mine before men are allowed to work there. We cannot see bad air, do not easily sense its harmful effects.

Today people everywhere are demanding cool, live air to live in—for healthful indoor surroundings.

Do you know that a G-E Fan, giving cool, live air and comfort in living room, in sleeping room, workshop or office, costs but one-half cent an hour to run?



The
Guarantees of Excellence
on Goods Electrical

How to plan complete
wiring in your home
told in this new fully
illustrated book "The
Home of a Hundred
Comforts"—the book
that thousands have
sent for. Write today
for your free copy.

Address Section L5.
Merchandise Department
General Electric Company
Bridgeport, Conn.

**G-E Fans**

Only the home wired for electricity may use electric fans. Complete wiring makes possible the home of a hundred comforts, told about in this book.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

48-5

There you will find a little sign reading, "Continued in Bed 127," or whatever the number may be.

"We then pass by a hundred or so beds, and in good time arrive, as you see, at Bed 127, where you note there is another little placard saying——"

Violently the great magazine publisher stamped his foot.

"Drat my gardener!" he cried. "Here he has mixed up those continued lines again. Instead of roses in Bed 127, continued from Bed 24, he has planted gladiolas here, continued from Bed 43. And the roses left off in such an inter-

esting part, too. It is really most annoying."

And the great publisher dismissed his careless gardener and installed in the job his most trusted and experienced proofreader.

A. H. F.

Thrift

OFFICE BOY: I ain't feeling so good; kin I have the afternoon off?

Boss: Why don't you tell me your grandmother is dead?

OFFICE BOY: Oh, I'm saving her for later in the season.

Forget prejudice and habit—

For the sake of greater ease, speed and comfort in shaving try Mollé—

Learn how simple and easy Mollé is to use—how quickly and thoroughly it softens the beard—how smoothly and speedily the razor removes the "stubble," and how delightfully free from smart, burn or soreness the face feels after shaving. (Lotions or talcum are never needed after a Mollé shave.)

Be Convinced—"The proof of Mollé is the using thereof"

A strapping big tube for 50 cents, at drug stores everywhere (a large trial tube prepaid for 10 cents)

PRYDE-WYNN CO. Sole Makers NEW BRIGHTON, PA., U.S.A.

"Lay Your Old Brush Away and Shave with Mollé"

We will BUY
REAL ESTATE BONDS
ISSUED BY
S. W. STRAUS & CO.,
send for bulletin—"K"—
Public Service Bankers
Corporation
10 EAST 44th STREET
NEW YORK



PAT. PENDING
PATHFINDER COMPANY
Dept. V78
334 Sixth Avenue
New York

Books Received

A Traveler's Letters to Boys and Girls, by Caroline M. Hewins (Macmillan).
Jimmie, by Ernest Harold Baynes (Macmillan).
Against This Age, by Maxwell Bodenheim (Boni & Liveright).
Outlawing the Almighty, by J. Vance Russell (J. J. McCarthy, Springfield, Mass.).
Masks and Demons, by Kenneth MacGowan and Herman Rosse (Harcourt, Brace).
Our American Theatre, by Oliver M. Sayler (Brentano).
Valentine's Manual of Old New York, by Henry Collins Brown (Valentine's Manual, Inc.).
Pierre Curie, by Marie Curie (Macmillan).
English Poetry of the Nineteenth Century, by G. R. Elliott and Norman Foerster (Macmillan).
My Fair Lady, by Louis Hémon (Macmillan).
My University Days, by Maxim Gorky (Boni & Liveright).
Justice of the Peace, by Frederick Niven (Boni & Liveright).
Beyond Life, by James Branch Cabell (Boni & Liveright).
Rejuvenation, by Dr. Paul Kammerer (Boni & Liveright).
Scarlet Runner, by Elizabeth Shaw Montgomery (Crowell).
Not Wanted, by Jesse Lynch Williams (Scribner).
White Stacks, by William Hewlett (Houghton Mifflin).
Fundamentals of Baseball, by Charles D. Wardlaw (Scribner).
When Half Gods Go, by Norah M. Holland (Macmillan).
Eve's Lover, by Mrs. W. K. Clifford (Scribner).
Christianity and the State, by S. Parkes Cadman (Macmillan).
Race, by William McFee (Doubleday, Page).

WYNKOOP HALLENBECK CRAWFORD COMPANY, NEW YORK

Analysis

Lines of a Simple Man

I LIKE the folk in studios—
They keep my brain up on its toes;
Yet they're an awful funny lot,
So ultra and so polyglot,
And so afraid of talking rot.

They seem to know 'most every one
And what he does and whom he's done.
They talk so lightly and so free
Of things that really count for me,
I'm just as puzzled as can be. G. H.

Two Surrogates in New York

ONE surrogate to a county is the usual allowance; but New York County, being so populous, has two.

To ignorance of that fact was due a misstatement in LIFE of May 22 to effect that former Surrogate Cohalan ran independently against James A. Foley for Surrogate.

He didn't. He ran against J. P. O'Brien.

Since every solvent life proceeds in the direction of the Surrogate, and, if duly accumulative, finally reaches his office, let us all remember that New York has two, though, happily, only one Mayor Hylan.

Catarrh, Etc.

Your blood, containing fruit acid, is the only substance that can dissolve any mucus or "paste" in your system.

Mucus-Making Foods

In its passage through the body mucus is secreted in various organs, causing disease. The effects or symptoms are then named variously according to location, but the source of the trouble is the same—fermentation, chiefly from butter, cheese, cream, fat, oil, salt, etc., when used beyond your capacity, or in wrong combinations.

100 Names for 1 Disease

Mucus causes catarrh of the eyes (conjunctivitis), of the nose (rhinitis), of the ears (otitis, deafness), of the tubes (bronchitis, asthma), of the lungs (tuberculosis), of the stomach (gastritis), of the appendix (appendicitis), of the bowels (colitis), etc.

Correct Eating Cures

Pure juice from grapefruits; without sugar, and pure tomato juice, berries, etc., when used in the right way and combined with adequate quantities of the brain-and-nerve nourishing foods with stimulative and laxative vegetables, can prepare your blood for dissolving mucus.

Fresh fruit acids clean a stomach that is suffering from mucus or acidity. Hyperacidity, acidosis, is produced by mucus from fermenting foods, just as vinegar is made from fermenting sugar, syrups and fruits. But fresh fruit acid when correctly combined is always beneficial.

Objectionable features of catarrh are expectoration; "hawking," "running nose." In a singer or speaker, a career, a life work, is ruined by a little discontent manifested in the voice, producing hoarseness, forced enunciation, missed opportunities, etc. Deafness hinders advancement in business. Noises in the head make the sufferer irritable, and irrationally.

Tubercular Catarrh

A deposit of mucus in the lungs is often suppressed by medicine made from coal tar derivatives. The cough is sometimes quieted, but the mucus remains to form the seat of tuberculosis.

Why Envy the Live-Wire?

Mucus when present in large quantities prevents the nerves from assimilating their due nutriment. It is a cause of undue fatigue.

Stop using mucus-making foods and learn to take brain-and-nerve foods, etc. Build yourself into a go-getter, a live-wire, an inspiring person, internally clean; who turns work into pleasure.

One pupil wrote: "No mucus; voice stronger, head clear as a bell; gained 20 pounds, and now earn four times as much."

Educational booklet 10 Cents. Sworn statements. Over 6,000 pupils.

BRINKLER SCHOOL OF EATING
Dept. 37-7 131 West 72nd St., New York

Grief

(Upon Receiving an Old Lover's
Wedding Announcement)

HAVE you forgotten the scent of rain?
The three-note whistle that spelled my
name?

The garden where sweet-peas grew in a
row?
And the young little wind that sang so
low?

Have you forgotten that perfect night
(Oh, where was ever a moon so
bright?)

When the sky was a velvet jewel-case,
And the moon's long shadows were
Spanish lace?

A moth flew by like a small white
ghost. . . .
Ah, both of us vowed that we loved the
most!
That magical night in a far-away June,
When old Life whistled a new love
tune.

Have you forgotten the green park seat,
Near the white bear's cage, where we
used to meet?

It never had seemed either hard or
cold,
And we said we'd buy it when we were
old,

And give it a gay new coat of paint,
And keep it as our own household saint!
Oh, the vows we made that we would
be true,

When you loved me and I loved you!

I wonder where promises go that die—
To a vast blue land beyond the sky?
Do dead little promises grow wings
there,

And fly about with never a care?

Oh, now whatever am I to do.
Since the Gates of Marriage have closed
on you?

For now my husband is sure to say:
"Don't talk to me about Peter Grey!"

"In love with you for the rest of his
life!"

Why, as soon as he could, he took a
wife!"

*Oh, I think you're as horrid as you can
be!*

I always said you would die for me!

M. C. L.

Summer's Little Drawback

An impulse to avoid a picnic at any
cost may be a sign that a man is
getting old, but to give in and attend one
without a struggle is proof of it.

Poison ivy is bad enough at any time,
but to be led to it by friends with fixed
smiles, who like to get out into the
woods and be kiddies again, should be
recognized as justification for homicide.

A favorite argument of picnic addicts
is the fresh air. One can pay too dear-
ly for sound lungs.



The dictation she dreaded

HE was an interesting man, too—a rapidly advancing
young executive in the business where she was
employed.

Yet she dreaded taking his letters. There was something
about it all that made his dictation a perfect ordeal and yet it
was something that she could never have spoken to him about.
And something, too, that he himself was probably uncon-
scious of.

* * * * *

You, yourself, rarely know
when you have halitosis (un-
pleasant breath). That's the in-
sidious thing about it. And even
your closest friends won't tell
you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis
comes from some deep-seated or-
ganic disorder that requires pro-
fessional advice. But usually—
and fortunately—halitosis is only
a local condition that yields to the
regular use of Listerine as a
mouth wash and gargle. It is an
interesting thing that this well-
known antiseptic that has been
in use for years for surgical
dressings, possesses these unusual

properties as a breath deodorant.

Test the remarkable deodorizing
effects of Listerine this way;
Rub a little onion on your fingers.
Then apply Listerine and note
how quickly the onion odor dis-
appears.

This safe and long-trusted an-
tiseptic has dozens of different
uses; note the little circular that
comes with every bottle. Your
druggist sells Listerine in the
original brown package only—
three sizes: three ounce, seven
ounce and fourteen ounce. Buy
the large size for economy.—
Lambert Pharmacal Company,
Saint Louis, U. S. A.

Interesting news!

Listerine Throat Tablets, containing the anti-
septic oils of Listerine, are now available. **
While we frankly admit that no tablet or candy
lozenge can deodorize the breath, the Listerine
antiseptic oils in these tablets are very valuable
as a relief for throat irritations. ** They are
25 cents a package.



For HALITOSIS

use LISTERINE

What particular skin problem are you facing?



You can free your skin from blackheads by using the special cleansing treatment given below.

Begin, today, to have a beautiful skin!

A skin without a flaw—clear, fresh as the morning.

You can have a beautiful skin if you will. Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies and new takes its place.

Give this new skin the special treatment it needs, and see what a wonderful improvement you can bring about.

The following treatment will free your skin from blackheads:—

EVERY night before retiring, apply hot cloths to your face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in this treatment. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

An oily skin can be corrected by using every night the following treatment:—



JUST before you go to bed, cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and lukewarm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now, with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.



A sallow skin can be roused to color and life by the special Woodbury steam treatment given below.

A sallow skin is a skin that is asleep. Rouse it with this treatment:—

ONCE or twice a week, fill your basin full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the basin and cover your head and the bowl with a heavy bath towel. Steam your face for thirty seconds. Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin. Then rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

Complete treatments for each different skin need are given in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today! A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks.

Tear out the coupon at the left, and send for a trial-size set of these three famous Woodbury skin preparations!

We want you to see how much good even a week of the right Woodbury treatment will do your skin. Therefore, for ten cents and the coupon at the left we will send you—

A trial-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.
A sample tube of Woodbury's Facial Cream.
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder.
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch".

If you live in Canada, address: The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1007 Sherbrooke St. Perth, Ontario. English address: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.

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THE
ANDREW
JERGENS CO.
1007 Spring Grove Ave.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

I enclose ten cents for a trial-size set of the famous Woodbury skin preparations.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP